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The Detective Barrier.

Or How and Why.

By Wm. H. Manning.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

AFTER the mysterious death of Harden Kendall had been a considerable time under investigation, one of the interested persons made this statement to the district attorney:

"I have learned the truth. Having learned it, I make this offer: I will give ten thousand dollars to the individual who will correctly answer this double question—How was Kendall killed, and why was he killed? To those who think they can guess I say, try it!"

The tragedy had occurred some time before, in the town of Grandon. The morning after Kendall died, two men met near the local railroad station. They were Thomson, representing a private detective agency in the city, and Barford, who had been sent down by the county authorities. He, too, was from the city, but was attached to the regular detective force. He had just arrived on the train.

Discovering each other, the two officers passed outwardly amiable greetings, for they knew each other well. Before, they had been rivals in similiar cases, and it was apparent that a new rivalry was to follow. Realizing that, they looked at each other eye to eye, mentally promising to play fair if convenient, but not to be beaten. The last clause meant a good deal.

"Of course I know why you are here, Barford," said Thomson, quietly smiling. "I happened to be nearer, so I got here first. How much do you know as to public details?"

"Practically nothing," was the guarded reply, thinly veiled. "My information was that a rather prominent citizen had been murdered by a person unknown, and I was sent here to investigate."

"Let me have the pleasure of passing along inconsequential details. It happened in the woods over west"—and he motioned—"so the body would not have been found until morning had it not been for the chance passing of another man. Kendall was lying dead, and—I wonder if I ought to tell you?"

"Consult yourself on that point, Thomson."

"Done! Well, the dead man held in his hand a rather sizable strand of red hair, torn from a woman's head."

Barford shifted his gaze and saw two women passing whose hair must, no matter how polite the speaker, be called that color.

"How many more hereabouts with that sort of plumage?" he asked.

"There are seven red-headed women in Grandon village. None of them has yet come forward to admit having less hair than before Harden Kendall died."

"If you of the persuasive tongue have failed to bring them to confess, the hair problem [illegible] a hard one."

"Ma[illegible] Well, Barford, I'm done. I might [illegible] you a good deal more that all the local world knows, but why bother you with simple facts, when every citizen in town will claim the right of giving you that information? My worst delay here is due to the flow of words, all in one channel. Well, Barford, I'm off. Got work to do. Call around and see my prisoner when I get him."

"When?"

"That is meant for sarcasm. I've got to shake you, Barford."

He walked off, and a small, bright-eyed man who had been hovering near approached closer to Barford. He was the latter's assistant, Netley, a person with a talent for hearing much when he seemed to hear nothing.

"Does Thomson disdain the red hair?" he asked, quietly.

"Kendall didn't."

Netley nodded and they walked on toward the place of tragedy. Nearing it they saw men standing in a line, separated by long intervals, all upright and alert like soldiers on picket. The first of the line eyed the newcomers sharply, and, as they drew close, spoke briefly.

"Got business here, gentlemen?"

Barford handed out his card, and the challenger read and smiled with a relieved air.

"Glad to see you, for I'm bound to shift a part of my burdens. I'm Carter, constable here. The men beyond are my deputies for this occasion. As soon as I heard what had happened to Harden Kendall, I planned to keep the rabble clear of the ground, believing that if footprints had been left by anybody connected with the death, a mob would tramp them out of existence. I've held to my idea, and there has been no tramping by outsiders. Our citizens say I am a conceited fool, puffed up by the dignity of my small office. Maybe I am a fool, but the conceit is a myth. I've stood here for twelve hours, already, and that's enough to let any reasonable conceit ooze away. I pass authority over to you, Mr. Barford. If you don't approve of my picket line, send them packing."

A good-natured smile mixed, in with the weariness on the constable's face like sunshine on barren rock, and he looked anxious to be sent "packing" himself.

"Mr. Carter," the detective replied, "you have done a very wise, helpful thing. I thank you heartily for your forethought, and I'll talk with your critics later. Footprints trodden out are mighty poor material for detective work. Your brains have helped my heels wonderfully. Now, tell me what you know, please."

Carter looked a trifle embarrassed. Such strong commendation was unusual, and he felt a presentiment that he was not equal to keeping up his reputation by branching out as a historian. He tried it bravely, however.

"Kendall was forty years old, and had lived here nearly half his life. Never married. No relations here. Kept house in his own dwelling. His business was lumber, and he sold lots of stuff like ties to the railroad. Was a bluff, rather coarse fellow, but fairly well thought of. Passed for honest, and I reckon he was."

The speaker paused to take a chew of tobacco.

"Last night, about eleven o'clock, Jasper Logan came to my house and told me Kendall was lying dead up here, a lot of blood around him. Jasper had stumbled right over the body while coming home from a farmhouse a mile away. He lit a match and saw who it was, but waited for no more. I came back to Kendall with Jasper. He was gone, sure enough—dead, I mean."

"Killed——how?"

"Bullet, probably from a rifle, perhaps a revolver of large bore. Dr. Brown says rifle. The ball entered his back and passed clean through him. It hasn't been found yet."

"What clews?" Barford quietly asked.

"A lock of red hair clasped in his hand. Woman's hair."

"You say he kept house. Who did his cooking?"

"His housekeeper, Martha Belden. She is thirty-odd years old. We think fairly well of her here. Always has lived here."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Medium. Hair is brown. Not"—Carter shut one eye slowly—"not red."

"No clew but the hair?"

"No, not to mention. You will see by the footprints Kendall left that he was going fast when shot. As he was fat and slow, that means something—blessed if I know what. It wasn't his way to hurry when on foot."

"We will go on now, Mr. Carter. I'll see you again."

"Very well. That line of green bushes stuck in the ground marks the line of Kendall's tracks."

"You are a very thoughtful man," said Barford, with sincere commendation. "Few would have done so much, or so well."

The city men passed forward, keeping hard by the footprints.

"Kendall wore a nine shoe," remarked Netley. "Both were a trifle run over at the heel. On the left foot a bit of the lower lift was wholly torn away, probably by a recent accident, leaving three unguarded nails to jab into the ground."

"Right!" Barford agreed.

"Lucky the ground was soft, stubble land, instead of turf. We get the footprints at every step he took."

"Exactly! Netley, these tracks talk. Kendall was not out for a stroll, nor yet on trivial business. He went with haste. Possibly he was an indolent walker, as Carter says, but he moved energetically, this time, stepping long and planting his big feet heavily. He had a definite purpose, and it took him along as you see."

"His course is practically mathematically straight."

"Yes, he was——" Barford paused and addressed one of the pickets pleasantly. "The woods begin a few rods away, and I can't see beyond. Where is the nearest house in that direction?"

"It's a toss-up," the picket returned. "The west road curves until it goes behind the patch of woods. A quarter of a mile from the village it branches, one fork going to a lonely house on the hill, and the other to the town of Bellcliff. Take either branch you pick and there is a house a mile from the village."

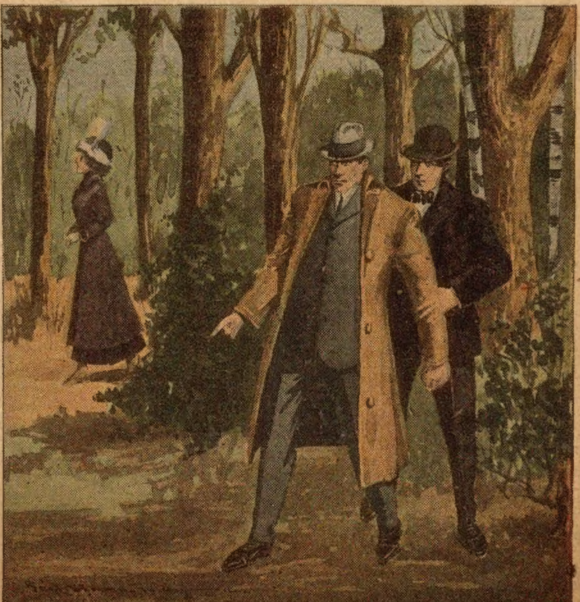
The detectives pursued their way.

"If," continued Barford, "Kendall was on his way to a house he had a mile to walk, a rather stiff task for a flesh-laden man."

"Natural deduction, he was not interested in houses. He went to meet somebody, and it looks as if he met him."

"Him or her."

"Ah! By the way, Carter said there



"She is scared of us, Barford!"

was no clew except the one he mentioned. That means we shall hardly find signs of a struggle——"

"If not, an interesting problem opens itself to us."

"What is it?"

"Did Kendall carry the strand of red hair with him when he went to the woods? If so, why?"

CHAPTER II.

THE BROKEN WATCH-CHAIN.

Presently they stood on the spot where Harden Kendall has been found dead. Until then there had been but a single break in his trail. At one point he had paused, swung about from his due west course, and faced south. It was likely that the pause had been but fractional, and he had barely moved his feet once. Then he had gone on and died.

He had fallen in the woods, but only a couple of rods beyond the first tree. Right there the growth was so sparse that rather wide spaces and naturally mellow soil left his footprints almost as clear as in the stubble.

He had fallen in a bit of a glade, slender, trim trees around him. Now, the sun shone brightly and small objects were plain.

Various tracks showed around where he dropped for Carter and his party had necessarily left such signs when they lifted the man and bore him back to the village he had so lately left. There was, however, no confusion, and after five minutes of survey Netley spoke decidedly.

"The man never knew what hurt him. He fell in his tracks, dead. He made no wild step, and, once down, did not tear at the ground with his hands, nor flounder with his feet in an attempt to get up. He passed out of life like the death of a lamp blown out."

"Well read, Netley. Shot in the back! Now, I wonder why he paused and looked south? What had he seen, what had he heard?"

"His murderer."

"Perhaps! Yet, he did not run away from him like a coward, nor go to face him as a brave man might, if he scented danger. Instead, he almost immediately continued his straight-ahead walk, his speed unchanged. From this we argue that he saw nothing alarming nor unusual."

"But he may have heard——"

"Yes."

Barford bent closer to the ground, and they began a careful search of the locality. After fifteen minutes the leader summed up.

"No sign that Kendall met anybody, for there are no mysterious footprints in the open. No sign that anybody loitered behind a tree, for there are no tracks whatever there. We need to see the local doctor and learn more about the shot. We have, however, demonstrated one fact."

"What's that?"

"On his way Kendall met nobody. That is proof that he had the lock of hair when he left the village."

"Why in the deuce should he carry that thing with him? My understanding is that it was not a neat little clipping from a woman's head, a token of love or a sacrifice to be sold; but hair violently wrenched from a head, a brutal despoiling of that head. In brief, hair wrenched away in lawless attack."

"And," persisted Barford, "Kendall carried it from the village into the woods. Why?"

"To hide it?"

"Had that been his object I should say he might have gained his end without coming here. We will take up that matter later. After we have done some more looking about us, I want to see——"

He stopped short and seemed intent upon an imaginary spot on the ground. An odd growl had warned his associate, and he quietly added:

"Look, but don't be seen looking."

Netley saw a woman crossing the woods, her course diagonal to that Kendall had been pursuing when he fell. The impression first and chiefly conveyed to his mind was that she was young, well-dressed, trim of figure, and daintily built in general. So much he noticed as a mere man, but the detective instinct quickly overleaped everything else.

"She is scared of us, Barford."

"Nervous, surely enough. She is playing possum exactly as we are. Pretending not to see us at all, she is eying us like a cat. Keeping a tolerably direct line of travel, there is, nevertheless, that in her carriage that tells that she wants to shy off and run. Pride or prudence keeps her going as she was when she saw us, but her sensitive figure tries to draw her away as a horse pulls on its rein."

"Say, you are making out quite a case against a mere chit of a black-haired girl."

"Not necessarily. Given a murder and the presence of strangers like us, and a timid woman might well be worried, scared. It may be there is more than timidity. Netley, I want you to leave me and follow where she goes, though without exciting suspicion. Lay the foundation for learning, later, who she is. Because, Netley——"

"Yes."

"She saw me just an instant after I saw her. Seeing, she whipped something under the jaunty little coat she wears. She has it now. Observe that she walks oddly. A hundred to one she is naturally graceful as a swan. Yet, she goes an atom one-sided. That's because her farther elbow is pressed tightly against her side to hold fast the thing she concealed."

"Not necessarily guilt."

"I grant all things until they are disproved. Once away, Netley, don't lose your quarry."

The girl was still going her way at an even pace, still eying them furtively—if Barford was to be believed. Really, in so thinking he judged more by intuition than eyesight, for her mask was good. If she really looked she saw two men, one of whom was pointing to the ground and talking steadily, while the other gazed where his companion pointed and listened in silence. Outwardly, they were innocent abstraction personified.

She crossed the imaginary track, being beyond where Kendall fell, and resumed her way. Continuing, she must inevitably reach the lower end of the village. Netley got out of sight almost immediately, detaching himself from his superior so unostentatiously that it looked like sleight-of-hand. Barford walked to the nearest picket.

"What," he asked quietly, "is over south of us?"

"Two acres of land, with the road beyond. Mr. Thomson, the other detective, was very much interested in that section, though he didn't say why. You can see that it's rough land, all covered with rocks and bushes. He has gone over every inch of it."

Barford could surmise why. Undoubtedly. Thomson had been acute enough to discover that Kendall had paused and looked that way, and had wondered. Barford promised himself a look that way soon.

"What's north of us?" he added. "Don't I see a roof up that way? I thought there were no houses near here."

"That's right, but there are three or four shanties. A dozen years ago the thicker woods up that way were cut over for timber, and the Italians who did the work lived in the shanties, which were built for their use during logging operations."

"A dozen years ago, eh? Nobody lived there since?"

"Various poor persons bunked there off and on—a clock-mender, a bug-hunting scientist, a queer old book-canvasser, a sick man in search of healh, and so on, but all died or went away. It was a favorite resort for gypsies in summer, but for a year the shacks have been badly decayed Even gypsies won't use them now."

"Nobody heard a shot last night?"

"I've not been able to find such a person. Odd, too! I was up myself with an ailing child, but heard no shot. That strange fact makes me think Kendall was killed with a revolver, rather than a rifle."

"That may be so. I think I'll smoke."

He lit a cigar and walked away, moving slowly and carelessly. His face was toward the point where the unknown girl crossed the imaginary line, but his course was such that he reached it at an angle. Having it under survey he eyed the imprints of the tiny heels upon which inhuman shoemakers poise womankind, and—smoking with an air of vast content—followed them.

For thirty rods they were very regular, though he noticed that the girl had moderated her pace as soon as she saw him and Netley, having been hurrying before. He wondered why.

Fifty rods the trail led him without change. Then developments followed swiftly. The direct line was barred by a sheer ledge twelve feet high. Persistence might have made scaling possible, but it was a formidable obstacle for dainty hands and feet. Just then he did not think of that point, but of something else.

"What the deuce——"

He saw a small field of disturbance. On the ground were two limbs from a low tree that reached almost to the ledge, the leaves just beginning to wither in the sun. White gashes in the trunk showed where they had grown, and from what point they had been detached. Hard by were bushes that were beaten flat, partly broken and wholly disconsolate. Yet, there was no evidence of a struggle between human beings.

"A person has fallen off the ledge, into the tree, and thence to the ground. Certainly it was not the well-groomed young lady, though her footprints are here. Hump!—likewise, a man's. Not being an Indian I can't swear to it, but I think the two sets were made hours apart. Probably the man received a bad shaking up. He's done some floundering about here, anyhow."

Both sets of footprints interested the observer.

"The man was shod with something like number sevens. Harden Kendall never got his feet into such shoes. The girl has checker-boarded the whole war-map!"

Certainly, she had not confined her movements to a casual visit. Her tracks thickly covered an area two rods square. Barford looked and studied, drawing his conclusions confidently, but not yet satisfied. Then he, too, began tracking about, leaving a third set of footprints.

"Proof evades me!" he finally murmured. "I'd like to hear the story from the lady, herself."

While he stood debating, one of the bushes that had been bent flat to the ground, but not broken, suddenly straightened up of its own volition. Being up, it fell under the rays of the sun, and immediately gave forth a gleam alike unusual to young bark and green leaves. He stooped, and from a twig detached an object that he proceeded to hold and eye intently. It was a bar of gold with two links attached—a part, he well knew, of a broken watch-chain.

For ten minutes he searched carefully, but was unable to find the rest of the chain. He gave it up finally, his manner that of a man who has done something from a sense of duty rather than interest. His heart had not been in that additional hunt, for failure had been expected.

Footprints now caught at his attention and stirred his zeal into a blaze. He found those of the young lady easily, both coming and going, but it was as if the man had vanished into air. Not a sign of his departure was to be seen. Barford took a questioning look at the ledge, and then gave heed to the footprints made by the girl when she came to the place.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRACKLESS MAN.

In ten minutes Barford had followed the girl's footprints through the woods, due west to the road. There they turned south, and he soon let them rest, believing she had come by the public way from the village. The point was not material. The item of interest was that she had turned from the road, gone directly to the foot of the little cliff, and then returned home by a shorter way.

The natural deduction was that she had been on a special mission and knew exactly where to go. Once there she had tracked around freely, as if searching for something, and when she went away she had carried an object secreted under her jacket. That was worth remembering.

The detective returned to the ledge. A slight turn brought him to its top, and there he found what he wanted. On the edge was plain evidence that somebody had slipped and fallen. The broken limbs of the tree added their evidence.

Barford lifted the back trail. He found that the unknown had been running when he came to grief, his steps being long and, considering the nature of the earth, deep. Continuing, he was busy for half an hour, after which he returned to the place where Kendall had died, wishing to see his partner. Netley had just arrived.

"You have found something," Barford said, looking into Netley's eyes.

"It wears skirts," was the calm reply. "Also—but you shall hear. I discreetly, tagged along after the young lady who was hiding something under her coat. Reaching the village she entered the postoffice, which suggested to me that I might as well have a sample of the current issue of Government two-cent stamps."

"They are sometimes used on letters," said Barford, gravely.

"Going in I saw her at a corner where ink and pens are kept on a fixed board for writing. She had already asked for her mail, and had a letter and a paper in a wrapper beside her, but was writing, using, I suspect, a half sheet she had found there. She scratched off a few lines hurriedly, and then, after using a blotting-pad, seemed perplexed as to something.

"She settled the problem by whipping the newspaper out of the wrapper, and then turned her face squarely to the corner and got very busy. She is slight, but her back blocked my view, so I can only give results. When she turned about she had a little parcel in her hand that, surely, was the wrapper with ends folded over. It was tied with a fragment of twine inherited, perhaps, from the previous person at the writing place, and bulged suggestively in the middle.

"Small as I am I have always felt satisfied with my inches, and seldom more than at that moment. She never saw me—object lesson to big men. No, she marched directly out of the postoffice, reached the sidewalk and stood still in irresolution. Suddenly she called a name.

"'Levi, come here!' was her summons. I saw a weak-faced youth of about twenty years advance toward her, his face aglow with delight at being noticed by her. She talked briskly to him for a few seconds, but I was not near enough to overhear a word. Then she gave him the parcel and they went each in a different way.

"I followed the boy. That parcel was full of unspoken words, and I wanted them out.

"Two blocks the lad went, and then, having his eyes away from his path, he caught his toe on a tilted brick and fell rather heavily, his parcel bouncing out of his hand and rolling five feet away.

"A sympathetic stranger picked up the parcel before the boy could gain his feet, but, being awkward, his finger somehow dislodged the crude string and a portion of the contents dropped out.

"It was a gold watch with a part of a chain, the bar and possibly three or four links being gone.

"The stranger thrust the watch back into the wrapper and retied the string as well as possible, giving everything to the boy. Levi was rubbing a bruised shin and was not suspicious—he surely is lacking mentally—and he gave his thanks politely and resumed his [illegible]tering a house hard by. What [illegible] next is unknown to the sympathetic stranger. The thing that the lady had hidden under her coat back here was traced to its hive."

"I follow you, Netley," interrupted Barford. "Give me the rest."

"There was an address on the newspaper-wrapper. It was Miss Docia Lettington, town of Grandon. That much I read as I picked the thing up. The house is owned by one Peter Caine, an old man with an old wife, poor people. They have a boarder, a well-to-do young man named Roland Varrick. For three or four days he has been ill with symptoms of typhoid fever."

"Is it customary," asked Barford, assuming a thoughtful air, "for typhoid patients to go abroad, run through the woods, tumble off ledges, and then——"

"Then have watches delivered to them by young ladies? That, Barford, is the invariable rule in typhoid."

"Anything more?"

"I do not need to say that after Miss Docie dried her note on the little post-office blotter I stole that blotter. It has been used for some time, and most of her lines were dried over a smudge of previous ink-marks. I have had it before a looking-glass in the hotel and managed to decipher the beginning of three lines, from which we have these unequal fragments.

"——Could not find the part broken off"—"hope I have not been suspected"—"try to hide it away——"

"And that is all," added Netley. "You shall have the blotter later."

"I wish we had Roland Varrick's shoes."

"You have also learned something, Barford."

"I have;" and the detective told his experience. "From the ledge," he concluded, "I back-tracked the man who fell into the tree. This led me to the northermost of the half-ruined shanties once tenanted by Italian wood-choppers. My man had come there, looked in, and raced swiftly to where he fell. Perhaps he had seen, or had reason to believe, what I soon saw. The shanty has been occupied lately. A bed of fresh pine boughs was there, and had been flattened down by some one lying in it. We will take this up presently, but I want to move elsewhere first. Come with me. I want to see the local doctor—Brown, as I remember his name from Carter."

The medical man was not hard to find, and he talked promptly when he kne[illegible] the standing of his new acquaintances.

"Harden Kendall was shot with a r[illegible] plumb through the back," he beg[illegible] tersely.

"How do you know it was a rifle?"

"The wound shows a large bore sho[illegible]

"Some revolvers carry a big cartridge[illegible]

"Rifle, this time. I've seen such woun[illegible] before. I dare say you want to ask m[illegible] how near the murderer was. I can't say[illegible] No powder marks, but further than tha[illegible] —oblivion!"

"Shot in the back. Does that mea[illegible] precisely in the middle, hard by the spinal column?"

"No. The bullet came diagonally. Dealing only in plain language, it entered about halfway between the right side and the spinal column, but rather nearer to the spine. It pierced lungs and heart."

"Has anybody been found who heard the shot?"

"No."

"There was no moon. About how dark was the night?"

"Moderate. I was out at nine. A bit of haze was over most of the sky, but the larger stars shone visibly."

"Of course I want to see the body and that lock of red hair. First, kindly give me a medical word as to the latter. Was it really torn from its wearer's head, or was it a lock severed by knife or scissors?"

"Torn away. Sure! Done only a short time before Kendall died. Possibly only a matter of minutes. The tiny bits of scalp—you catch my meaning."

Barford did, but he was after details, and he persevered until be had them in full. His questions flowed freely, and he gained all he could from Doctor Brown.

After that he saw the body, and next the hair. It was not so large a lock as he had expected from descriptions, but it was enough. He subjected it to close examination from both his fingers and a microscope, and thus wound up his investigation in that quarter for then.

Returning to the place of the tragedy, Barford placed Netley in Kendall's exact course and almost in the dead man's tracks, in fact, and then drew an inference as to the line along which the fatal bullet had traveled. With this line established, they began an attempt to learn where the assassin had stood when firing, since his footsteps would settle a pressing point.

"Some stars shining, but a rather hazy sky," murmured Netley. "We may infer that the slayer was either close or a right good marksman."

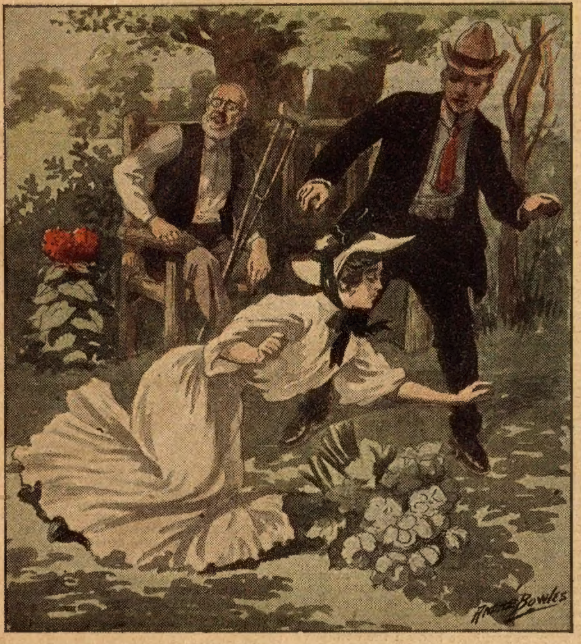
Few men except border trailers of long experience could do better at the present work than these detectives, and they took their time and made the hunt almost needle-fine. It spite of this care they had found nothing when the nearly level ground ended at a cliff thirty feet high.

"Blanked!" was Barford's comment.

(Continued on page thirteen.)

FETTERS OF GUILT

By WILL LISENBEE



She sank in a faint.

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CHAPTER V.

AT WILLOW CREEK.

"THIS must be the very spot where Mortimer Dent had his camp," remarked Paul Darrell, indicating a heap of ashes in the center of a little open space where there was evidence of a tent having been pitched. "But we shall see."

Quigley, who was busy kindling a fire, gave no heed to the other's remarks, and it was not till they had made a pot of coffee—for they had left Mapleton without breakfast—that he opened his mouth in speech.

"It doesn't matter whether this is the place or not," he said. "It is a convenient point from which to operate. When shall you begin your search for the negro?"

Darrell laughed.

"Are you guying me?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it. There might have been a negro, after all. We can't do much else but guess at present."

"That's the truth. I'm going to investigate."

"Do you know where Fuller lives—the man who hauled Dent's traps to Mapleton?"

"Yes; about a mile west. Why?"

"I'm going to see him."

"A good idea. I have talked to him, but it will do no harm for you to see him."

As soon as Quigley had finished his breakfast of sandwiches and coffee, he set out for Fuller's farm. There was no road, and he was compelled to make his way through a dense growth of plum and dogwood bushes. Crossing the valley, he continued his course into the upland, over rocky ridges, covered with black-jack and red oak. It was a wild and uninviting region, pathless, with no sign of life save where some wild bird fluttered in fright from its cover. It was not strange, therefore, that Quigley became bewildered and strayed from his course.

A thin mist obscured the sun, and this conspired with a bewildering maze of brush and deep ravines to confuse Quigley and to deprive him of all sense of direction. For half an hour he pushed rapidly on, convinced by this time that he had missed his way. But now, as he passed through a dense clump of oaks, he came to an open valley marked with the signs of habitation.

A thin column of smoke rose over the treetops and hovered in the windless air, and as he pushed on, a large, old-fashioned farmhouse, gray and weather-beaten where its ancient walls were not covered with flowering vines, broke on his view. This, he surmised, was the Fuller farmhouse, and with blithe steps he descended the slope. As he turned into the wide flower-fringed path that led to the house, a lithe form suddenly rose from behind the flaming ramparts of hollyhocks and stood regarding him with a pair of deep brown eyes.

She could not have been more than eighteen—the girl that stood there—half in the glow of the sun, half in the shadow of the hollyhocks. Her dark hair, coiled about her head, glowed with vivid points of gold where the beams of the morning sun fell upon it, and under the crown of black and gold a dark, witching face was turned toward the intruder.

Dennis Quigley stood with uncovered head before the fair vision. He made an involuntary obeisance like one who had suddenly been thrust into the presence of a queen.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was trying to find my way to the Fuller farm. I was afraid I had missed my way. Am I so fortunate as to have arrived at my destination?"

A radiant face was turned to him—a face glorified by youth and health, yet veiled by a misty shadow of thoughtful gravity.

"I regret to tell you that you have missed your way," she said. She made a gesture with her hand toward the hills in the distance. "I think the Fuller farm lies behind the hill," she added.

Dennis Quigley's face fell. All interest in the Fuller farm vanished like the mist before the sun. He did not want to see the place. He did not care if he never should see it. He was gazing at the slender, graceful form of the girl, and wondering what excuses he could make for lingering a few moments in her presence.

"I am very grateful to have you set me right," he said, "and I thank you."

She answered by a graceful inclination of the head, while her fingers toyed with the red hollyhocks in her hand.

"What a beautiful place!" he said, casting a swift glance at the vine-wreathed farmhouse, the beds of glowing flowers, and the green vistas under the spreading trees. "I can easily fancy that Eden must have looked something like this before our parents were banished from it."

A faint smile hovered about her lips.

"I always pictured Eden as more of an orchard than a flower garden," she said. "This place could hardly deserve the name of either. Everything runs wild, as if resenting human interference."

"That is its greatest charm," said Quigley. "I never could fancy the flower garden made by rule and line."

He stood letting his eyes wander about the place. He realized that he ought to be going. He really had no tangible excuse for intruding further on the girl's time. But he didn't want to go—not yet. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a card.

"I wonder if you would let me rest in the shade here a little?" he ventured. "I have had a long tramp over the hills." He laid the card in her hand. "I hope you will let me introduce myself. If you'll let me rest on this rustic seat a while, I'll promise to be real good and not pull the flowers or run over the beds."

The girl smiled faintly as she held the card in her fingers and glanced at it.

"I hope you do not think us so inhospitable as to turn you away, Mr. Quigley," she said.

"A thousand thanks. I shall trespass on you but a short time."

The girl turned and busied herself among the flowers. Quigley leaned back in the rustic seat and breathed the fragrant air, and all the time his eyes followed the slender, graceful form among the flowers.

Who was she? How come she to be in the wilds of the Ozarks? Her glance, the poise of her head, her manner, her graceful carriage—everything about her proclaimed her to be an alien to her surroundings. He watched her with glowing interest, while the fragrant breath of the flowers filled him with a languorous sense of the restful seclusion of the place. The drowsy hum of bees came from the garden; a humming-bird balanced itself before a hollyhock—a fleck of green and gold, and shrill and clear came the piping of a quail from the dilapidated worm fence.

The farmhouse, the garden, the orchard, and the little field lying along the stream in the valley seemed to be shut in from the outside world. Above, the sun, a yellow disk, shone obscurely through the thin, vapory clouds. Dennis Quigley reflected how easily one might live in this secluded bower and forget the great outside world, its feverish activity, its greed, its ambition and disappointments.

He was roused from his reverie by a sharp sound on the garden walk, and as he turned he saw a man of middle age, dressed in a linen suit, advancing up the walk on crutches.

"Howdy, young man," greeted the man on the crutches, nodding to Quigley.

Quigley rose as he responded to the greeting.

"My name is Quigley—Dennis Quigley," he said, extending his hand. "I have asked permission to rest here a few moments. I hope I am not intruding."

"Not at all," assured the stranger, as he shook the reporter's hand. "We are sort of buried here in this out-of-the-way place, and it's pleasant to have a visitor. My name is Huddleson—James Huddleson. Glad to meet you, Mr. Quigley."

He dropped into a seat, and drawing a pipe from his pocket, he filled and lit it.

"You have a charming place here," commented Quigley, secretly wondering if the affable gentleman was the father of the girl. "I have been admiring it."

"Oh, it isn't bad," responded Huddleson. "I like it. It has been my home for thirty years—excepting three years I spent in the East. Some people might not like it, because one can't get the news of the world every morning before breakfast." He paused a moment, while he packed the tobacco in his pipe. "I don't care much what the world is doin'," he added. "What is it to a poor man, anyway?"

"What, indeed?" nodded Quigley, "though this may sound rather strange coming from one who has passed his life in the city."

Huddleson laughed.

"I don't know so much about that," he said. "I reckon there's plenty of cases where city people get enough of the city. Now, there's Miss Simmons there," nodding his head toward the girl—"she's spent a good part of her life in town, goin' to school and mixin' with city folks, but bless yer soul, she is just as happy as a lark out here with me and the old woman. Her music, her books and flowers, and the old woman and me—that's enough fer her."

"She's not his daughter then," thought Quigley. "I did not think so. Who, then, is she?"

"Most girls of her age," went on Huddleson, "ain't ever satisfied 'less they are goin' somewhere or have a feller hangin' around 'em. But that ain't Bertha's way."

"I admire her good sense," ventured Quigley, secretly pleased to discover that the girl had no "feller hangin' round her."

"You'd admire her a heap more if you knowed her better," replied Huddleson, innocently. "There ain't another like her in this region."

Quigley nodded approval. He could well imagine the truth of the man's words.

"No, there is no one like her in this region," was his mental comment, "nor in any other region that I have ever explored."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"I'm crippled up with the rheumatism and can't do anything but hobble about the place and get in the way," remarked Huddleson, "and I have been hoping that the warm weather would help me." He rubbed his swollen ankle in silence.

Quigley expressed his sympathy briefly. But he was not interested in ailments of any description just then. He wanted to hear more about Miss Simmons.

"A relative of yours?" he asked.

"What? Miss Simmons or the rheumatism?" Huddleson asked, with a grin.

Quigley colored with confusion.

"Miss Simmons of course," he explained.

"No, she ain't no relative. I knowed her pa when we were boys together, and when he died leavin' her an orphan, he made me her guardian. He was in poor health fer a long time, and he traveled a good deal, taking Bertha with him. They went to France and Italy and I don't know how many countries over the sea." He knocked the ashes from his pipe. "I never had much desire to travel," he went on. "I could never see why people would spend their time and money going over to Europe to see a lot of junk. Are you in business in the city?" he asked abruptly.

"I am a reporter for the Daily World," replied Quigley.

Huddleson laughed.

"I'd 'a' thought," he said, "that this would have been the last place in the world one would have come fer news."

"My coming to this particular place," explained Quigley, "was an accident. I got lost and wandered around among the hills for an hour or two, not knowing what direction I was traveling."

"Where had you started to go?"

"To the Fuller farm."

"Oh, Abe Fuller's. Well, you went a little astray. Is he a friend of yours?"

"No; I am not even acquainted with him. I wanted to see him, though. He was the one who brought the man to the inn at Mapleton—the man who was murdered there."

"Murdered!" cried Huddleson is amazement.

"Have you not heard of it?" asked Quigley in surprise.

"Not a word. When did it occur?"

"A few days ago. There is a great mystery about the affair, and no one seems to be able to solve it."

"Who was the man that was murdered?"

"Mortimer Dent," replied Quigley.

As he uttered the words a low cry came from Miss Simmons, who was standing a few yards away. She swayed unsteadily for a moment, and then sank down in a dead faint.

"Good God!" exclaimed Huddleson. "The girl has fainted!"

Quigley ran to the girl's side and bent over the prostrate form, his heart beating tumultuously. Huddleson came after him, hobbling on his crutches.

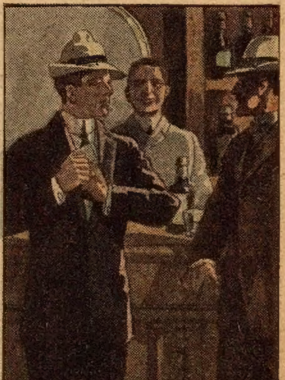
"She's fainted!" he said. "Mr. Quigley, help me get her into the shade here."

Dennis Quigley lifted her in his arms and laid her in the shadow of an apple tree on the soft grass, then ran to the well near by and brought some water with which he bathed her face.

Consciousness returned at once. She opened her eyes and gazed at the faces bending over her.

"I am afraid I startled you," said Quigley, gently. "It was very stupid of me."

Her face was very pale, but the color was slowly coming back to it. She rose to a sitting posture and leaned against the trunk of the tree.



"It was not the pursuit of pleasure that brought me here."

"It was very foolish of me," she murmured. She made an effort to rise, and Quigley bent quickly to assist her. Her hands rested in his for a moment, as he helped her to her feet, and her dark eyes were turned to him for a moment. He felt a sweet sense of intoxication, a nameless thrill of pleasure as his eyes met hers, and he knew that in all his life he would never forget that moment.

"Thank you, Mr. Quigley," she said. "I think I had better go in. I am quite recovered."

Despite her words there was the shadow of a haunting fear in her face. And Quigley saw it and wondered.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGER APPEARS.

It was an hour past noon when Quigley returned to the camp on Willow Creek, having had a wearisome tramp through the roadless hills. Darrell had prepared dinner and was sitting in the shade of a big sycamore, waiting for Quigley's return.

"Did you see Abe Fuller?" he asked.

"I dropped round that way, but did not get to see him," replied Quigley.

"You have been gone the entire morning. What unusual attraction did you discover?"

"In the first place," replied Quigley, "I got lost and went a long distance out of my way. I count myself lucky to get back at all, when I consider the wilderness I got tangled up in. What have you been doing all this time?"

"I have not been idle. I met Abe Fuller up at the road as he passed on his way to town this morning."

"Did you talk with him?"

"Oh, yes. He didn't have much to tell."

"Has he seen anything of the negro Dent spoke of?"

"No."

"Did you find out whether there are any negroes in the neighborhood?"

"Yes; Fuller says there is a family living a mile or so below here on the creek, but none answering the description given by Dent. But I found out one thing—something I did not know before. There was a man in camp with Dent before he came to Mapleton. At least one was seen in his company."

"Did Fuller see him?"

"No: it was his hired man who was crossing the creek near here in search of some calves that had gone astray. Of course the man in camp with Dent might have been some one who was passing and just stopped for a few minutes."

"He didn't say whether it was a young man?"

"He didn't know. I made inquiry as to that. I had a suspicion that it might have been Robert Smith. I have a conviction that Dent and the man Smith were known to each other, and for some reason they did not wish the acquaintanceship know; at least, it seems that Smith did not. There is one thing I know. Smith never boarded any train the night he left the inn. I have made inquiries of the conductors of both the freight and passenger trains that pass during the night, and find that no passenger was taken on either train on the night in question. But come, let us have dinner. It has been waiting this half-hour."

Paul Darrell poured the coffee and the two sat down to dinner, which consisted of fried bacon, roasted corn, sliced tomatoes, butter and bread, and some water cress which Paul had brought from the spring near the camp.

"I haven't been so hungry in six months," declared Quigley. "It is worth while to get lost if it gives one such an appetite."

"The cooking may have something to do with it," observed Darrell, soberly.

"A thousand pardons!" cried Quigley. "I bow before the rebuke."

Darrell grinned.

"If one can't track down a murderer," he said, "it is something to be able to roast corn properly and make a good cup of coffee."

"Isn't that the truth?" laughed Quigley. "I can't claim to do even that. I'll have to get you to give me lessons in cooking."

After dinner they spent an hour or two fishing, and were rewarded by catching a good string of perch, which were turned over to Darrell to be cooked for supper.

It was dark when they returned to Mapleton. Quigley got a paper at the news stand and went to his room. He had scarcely seated himself when there came a knock at the door, and the landlord entered.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Quigley, for disturbing you," he apologized, as he came in. "I wanted to see you a few minutes."

"Glad to have you," assured Quigley. "Be seated. Anything new?"

"I can't tell just yet, but I thought I'd drop in and give you a tip. There's a man stopping with me—his name is Thomas Sears—who seems to have more than ordinary interest in the Dent murder case. But he tries mighty hard to keep his interest from being noticed."

"Where is he from?" asked Quigley.

"He registered from Denver, but of course that don't spell anything. He is no fool, and I have failed to discover any object he could have had in coming here, excepting in the interest of the murder case."

"Will he remain overnight?"

"Yes, sir; and longer probably. I thought you might worm something out of him if he really is what I suspect—a man who has some personal interest in this affair."

"Sure thing," exclaimed Quigley. "I am very grateful to you. Is he in his rooms?"

"Not just now. He went out for a walk about town. He will probably return soon. I am quite sure he is a drinking man. He has the look of one, and I might say he has the appearance of being dissipated."

"I might stroll down town and size him up. Can you give me a description of him?"

"He is rather tall and slim, wears good clothes—a suit of gray material, and a Panama hat something like the one you wear. He has a dark face, and his hair and eyes are black. You will have no trouble in recognizing him."

"Is there a saloon in town?" asked Quigley.

"Yes, sir, a small affair across the square. By Jenks! I'll bet you'll find him there, though I did not think of it till you spoke."

Quigley found the man in the saloon as he expected. He was leaning on the bar, talking to the bartender.

The place was a dingy, ill-lighted establishment, with its sawdust floor and row of spittoons in front of the bar. Quigley sauntered leisurely up to the bar and called for a glass of beer. As he drank it slowly he managed to make a quick inspection of the stranger, who had just drunk a glass of brandy at a gulp. There was no doubt about his identity. He was the man whom the landlord had described.

The stranger leaned listlessly on the bar, ordered another glass of brandy, and dispatched it with the same ease with which he had disposed of the other.

"This is a dull, stupid town," he remarked. "Nothing doing."

The bartender smiled indulgently.

"Visitors from the city usually consider it so," he agreed.

"It is about the limit," insisted the stranger. "Denver isn't as large as some other cities in the world, but there's always something doing there."

"Right you are," nodded the bartender. "You have been there then?"

"Haven't I? I should rather say I had."

Sears looked disgusted.

"And you could be content to settle down in a place like this after being in Denver?" he said.

The bartender smiled complacently.

"The battle for bread often leads a fellow into many undesirable places," he remarked, philosophically.

"By G——, you are right!" nodded Sears. "I know that from my own experience. Maybe that is what has brought me here now!" He smiled faintly and turned to Quigley. "My friend," he added, addressing Quigley, "no doubt you can plead the same excuse for honoring the town with your presence?"

"I must confess that it was not the pursuit of pleasure that brought me here," admitted Quigley.

"Shake!"

The stranger held out his hand, which Quigley shook with cordial good humor.

"It is selfishness that makes misery love company," went on Sears, "but we can't beat human nature with Conscience's poor bobtail flush, can we now?"

Quigley laughed.

"I should cut a sorry figure trying to contradict your philosophy," he declared. "Besides, I shouldn't care to try. To be able to see the humorous side of our troubles is a boon I would not take from any one, if I could."

"Your head is level, young man. I'm d—d glad I met you. I think you can help me while away the time while I stay here. Now, if you only play billiards?" He glanced toward a table in the rear of the room.

"I do," assented Quigley, "that is in a way. I may not be able to interest you, but I'm willing to try."

"Good! We'll have a game then. You won't find me an expert by any means."

The bartender lit a lamp that hung over the billiard table and brought out the balls.

Quigley was a skilful player, but he found that Sears was his match in every respect. The first game was closely contested—much closer than it would have been had not the hand of Sears been a little unnerved by the brandy he had taken. As it was, Quigley might have won the game, but he purposely missed, and the game went to Sears. He slapped Quigley on the shoulder.

"You are a fraud," he declared. "I believe you are more than a match for me. You only lost by being overconfident. Let us try another."

They played five games, Quigley winning one and Sears the other four.

"You gave me the best game I have had in many a day," said Sears, as he put up his cue. "Let's have a drink and go out in the park and get a breath of fresh air. It's as sultry as an oven in here."

As the two strolled leisurely into the park, they were talking as confidentially as if they had known each other for years.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS SEARS.

The night was intensely warm, but up in the band-stand there was a slight breeze blowing, and here Quigley and Sears found seats. The little park was quite deserted, and the only sign of life visible through the thick foliage of the trees was the red eye of light that came from the saloon across the street. The black shadows of the swaying branches were etched in sable outlines against the silvery light of the moon that lay in bright patches about the grounds.

It might have been the silence of the night that moved Sears to talk in a confidential way, and it might have been due to the effect of the brandy he had drunk—or both.

"I suppose you have been wondering what has brought me to Mapleton, since the place is so distasteful to me," he remarked, "but you may be sure that I didn't come here for pleasure."

He relapsed into silence, but it was evident that he was about to confide to Quigley the object of his visit. There is but one way to win a man's confidence, and that is to confide in him—to give him your confidence. Quigley realized this and hastened to act upon it.

"I am not in the habit of confiding in strangers," he said, "but there are exceptions. My object in coming to Mapleton was to try and solve, if possible, the mystery surrounding a murder that was committed here a few days ago. You have doubtless heard of it since your arrival. It is a decided mystery to all who have attempted to solve it, and while I am not a detective, I have had a little experience along that line, and I am here to see what I can do."

"Yes, I have heard of the murder," replied Sears. "In fact, I haven't heard much of anything else since I came. What have you found out since you came?"

"Not a blessed thing?" confessed Quigley, "and it doesn't seem as if I were going to."

Thomas Sears lit a cigar and was silent for a moment.

"It may be that I can help you a little," he said, at length. "And on the other hand, you may help me. I am no sort of a detective, but I don't mind telling you that I am interested in this case. So far I have not told a soul of my interest—which is personal. Can I trust you to keep what I tell you a secret till something develops?"

"You can. I will be as silent as the grave."

"That is sufficient," nodded Sears. "The whole thing, so far, is a puzzle to me, and I can't make heads nor tails of it. I see very plainly that I can do nothing myself. When I came here I thought I would say nothing to anybody regarding my interest in the affair, and try to find out for myself what I wanted to know. I suppose you have had all the details of the murder?"

"Everything that I could possibly find out," replied Quigley.

"You talked to Bartwell, the landlord of the Black Bear?"

"Yes; but I had already read his statement as made some days before."

"Were you told that there was another man with Dent before he came to the Black Bear?"

"Yes."

"Have you formed any opinion as to who this other man was, and what has become of him?"

"I have not—unless he and Robert Smith were one and the same."

"I can't get this Robert Smith located. From the description given by the landlord of the Black Bear he is an unknown quantity. Who he is, and how he came to get mixed up in the game—if he is mixed up in it—I can't make out. Then there is the unknown negro. I find every one but the man I'm looking for. That is Sam Potter."

"Who is Sam Potter?" asked Quigley.

"He's my partner, or was. So was Mortimer Dent!" Sears flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I am going to tell you the whole story, from the beginning," he went on. "Once upon a time three men sat in a cafe in Seattle. Among them they had a capital of $2,000. One of these men—we will call him Mortimer Dent—was a man with schemes, plausible schemes for rapid accumulation of wealth. He was an adventurer, a traveler, a speculator and gambler. But he had schemes—schemes that promised quick and large returns. He was a fluent talker and drew one to him like a lode stone does steel. The other two men—let us say their names were Sam Potter and Thomas Sears—looked with favor on the proposition the other had on the string. So the two thousand dollars—all the three of them could raise—was put in the hands of Dent. His scheme was not only plausible, but it worked. Within three months Dent reported to the other two that their profits on the speculation were ten thousand dollars, if the deal should be closed. The two voted to close it, and Dent consented. The next day Dent disappeared, and with him went the ten thousand. No trace of him could be found, and it looked as if it were a hopeless task to find his trail. Six months later he was located in Benson, Arizona, however, he managed to give them the slip before he could be detained.

"He left a letter saying that his reason for running away was that he had lost a large part of the money at a gambling table, and it was in the hope of winning it back before the truth was known that he avoided his partners.

"Sam Potter—I think I failed to mention it—was a cousin of Mortimer Dent's, and Potter suggested that it might be well to allow Dent to go free in the hope that he would some time return the money, as to have him arrested would defeat all chance of its recovery. Well, as money is of more value than revenge, it was decided to wait a while and see if Dent would replace the money he had taken.

"He claimed to be in some sort of a deal by which he hoped to raise a large sum, and he promised fairly enough if his scheme prospered that he would pay over the money he had embezzled.

"When he was next heard from he was in St. Louis, where he had established himself in the real estate business, and as he claimed to be doing a good business, and sent a remittance of five hundred dollars, to be applied on the amount he was to restore to his partners, it was thought best to give him time.

"Potter, who had nothing in particular on hand, left Seattle and went to St. Louis, where he expected to form some sort of a partnership with his cousin, and at the same time look out for the payment of the balance due from Dent. When he got to St. Louis, he found that Dent had gone into the country for an outing. He left a letter for Potter, giving directions as to where he could be found, and asking Potter to follow him if he felt so disposed.

"Now, as it happens, Potter wrote me from St. Louis as soon as he arrived. He said that he was about to start to the country, in the Ozarks, to join Dent who had gone for an outing among the hills, and promised to write to me again as soon as he returned. You see, he had been figuring to have me join him in St. Louis, if he liked the place, and as I was in no settled business at the time, I had promised to come, and even came as far as Denver, where I waited for word from him.

"A few days later I read the news of Dent's being murdered at the Black Bear Inn in Mapleton, and after wiring to Potter and getting no reply, I came to Mapleton.

"That is my story, and it explains my interest in the affair. Now what puzzles me is, what has become of Potter? Did he ever reach Dent's camp in the hills and if so, where is he now? Not one word have I heard from him since he wrote me from St. Louis, soon after his arrival there. What puzzles me most is this: Potter, being in this region, must have learned of the murder of Mortimer Dent; and yet—even though he is a relative, he has never made his appearance. I am completely puzzled. What is your theory?"

Quigley did not speak for some moments.

"Was there any feeling of enmity existing between Potter and his kinsman?" he asked.

"You mean to imply that Potter might have committed the murder!" interrogated Sears.

"I am not implying anything in particular," protested Quigley. "I am merely trying to get at all the facts in the case, after which I may be able to make some deductions."

"I can say this, that I don't think Sam Potter ever murdered Mortimer Dent. But I will confess that there were times when Potter severely condemned Dent for ruining him, and was often very bitter over it."

"Do you know of any enemy of Dent's?" asked Quigley.

"I do not. In fact, I know but little about Dent. I was in Seattle when I made his acquaintance. I had done some business with Sam Potter, and we had become friends. He it was who introduced me to Mortimer Dent. Potter had, when I met him, recently returned from South America, where he had been for a number of years. I am sure that Potter knew no more about his kinsman than I did, for their meeting in Seattle was the first since they were boys.

"Now, aside from my interest in the fate of Dent, my friendship for Potter, whom I always found to be a man of honest integrity and a true friend, has led me to investigate the mystery that surrounds his strange disappearance. I cannot believe that he had any hand in the murder of Mortimer Dent, but there is no doubt in my mind that, should I tell my story to the officers of the law, they would at once lay the crime to him. That is why I am working in secret and trying to get at the bottom of the affair through my own efforts. My first object is to find Sam Potter. When I have accomplished this, I am sure I shall get some light on the subject."

"Do you think Potter ever reached Dent's camp on Willow Creek?" Quigley asked.

"I cannot say."

"Have you made any effort to trace him from St. Louis?"

"Not yet. In fact, I have not had time. You must remember that I have just arrived, and aside from what I have read in the papers and what the landlord has told me, I know absolutely nothing about the details of the affair. But as far as I can find out, no one has seen Sam Potter since he left St. Louis."

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* * *

Gillet—The people in the flat above us are constantly fighting.

Perry—Doesn't your wife object?

Gillet—No. She likes to have a fuss made over her.

The Second Son's Plot;

Or, A BROTHER'S PERFIDY ❧ ❧ By ANNIE BROWNLEE

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CHAPTER XV.

THE two men hastened away in the direction of the capitol. The cars had made their last trip, and the streets were silent and deserted. A belated cab came rattling along. Arthur Fanshaw hailed it and the two got in.

"To police headquarters," he said to the cabby, and they rattled away.

Twenty minutes later they drew up at the police station and Arthur Fanshaw went in. Mark Heriot remained in the cab, admiring his new clothes, and smiling to himself. His qualms of conscience had long since disappeared.

Arthur Fanshaw walked into the police station and accosted a sergeant in plain clothes.

"You are looking for a fellow named Mark Heriot, I believe?" he asked.

"Yes, we are. We would give a mighty nice penny to find that fellow. He has been making things rather warm about town for the last six months."

"Highway robbery is the charge against him, I believe?"

"One of the charges, but there are several others."

"He is believed to be the man who robbed Mr. Henry and his wife, is he not?"

"The same! Mr. Henry has offered five hundred dollars for his capture."

"Mr. Henry also lost some valuable papers, I believe?"

'Yes, he lost some documents that he would give considerable to recover," the sergeant answered, wondering why the other appeared so interested.

"I see," Arthur Fanshaw answered. "I believe I can help him to accomplish that." He slowly drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Does this answer the description of the papers lost by Mr. Henry?"

The sergeant scanned the paper closely, and his face brightened.

"This is undoubtedly one of the papers lost by Mr. Henry. But wait, I'll call the chief. He will know for certain."

A moment later Chief Burwash was scanning the paper intently. A memorandum book was referred to and his face expressed satisfaction.

"This is one of Mr. Henry's missing papers. Where did you get it?"

"It came into my possession about an hour ago. I was returning from Lower Town, and on M— street I was set upon by a footpad, who demanded my money. I refused, and a short tussle followed. Finding that he could not get my purse by force, he set off on a run down the street. I noticed this paper drop from his pocket, and picked it up. Glancing over it, I thought perhaps it might prove a connecting link in the great Henry robbery, so I brought it to you."

"Quite right! But you should have followed the man, Mr——."

"Fanshaw," the other supplied.

Immediately the chief's manner became more courteous and friendly. The Fanshaws were wealthy, and the chief reverenced wealth. Arthur was quick to observe the change, and smiled in the knowledge of power.

"It is a pity, Mr. Fanshaw, that some of our men were not on hand to follow the man. That fellow is wanted badly. He has played hide-and-seek with the force for months."

"It was not necessary, chief. I followed the fellow myself. I delight in a bit of detective work myself, now and again."

"I am glad to hear that," the chief cried, in pleased surprise.

"Yes; I followed him to a house in Hull. If you go there at once you will find him, I am sure. I watched the house for some minutes, thinking he might possibly leave again. A few minutes after he entered, a light appeared in an upper window on the left. By the shadows that fell on the window shade I concluded he was preparing to retire, and soon after the light was extinguished."

The chief gave a quick, peremptory order to the sergeant, then turned again to Arthur Fanshaw.

"If we succeed in capturing the fellow, it will be owing to your information, Mr. Fanshaw. Will you leave me your address?"

The address was given and also the address of the house occupied by Mrs. Heriot in Hull, and a moment later Arthur Fanshaw entered the waiting carriage and was driven with his companion to the Grande, where the real Mark Fanshaw had previously engaged a room.

When Hope Fraser returned to consciousness she was lying on the bed in her own room, and Mrs. Heriot was bending over her. The day was far spent, and the sun was slowly sinking in a sky of cloudless blue. In the calm peacefulness of that perfect summer day there was naught to whisper of the terrible tragedy that had that day darkened the life of Mark Fanshaw. Henceforth life for him would be a continued round of weary days and sleepless nights.

When Hope awoke to consciousness she had a vague idea that something terrible had happened. She felt not unlike one does when awakening from a terrible nightmare. She shivered, and a wild look sprang to her eyes. What horrible ideas were crowding her brain! Surely she was dreaming yet. Just then the old woman's voice broke in upon her thoughts, and she realized that she had not been dreaming.

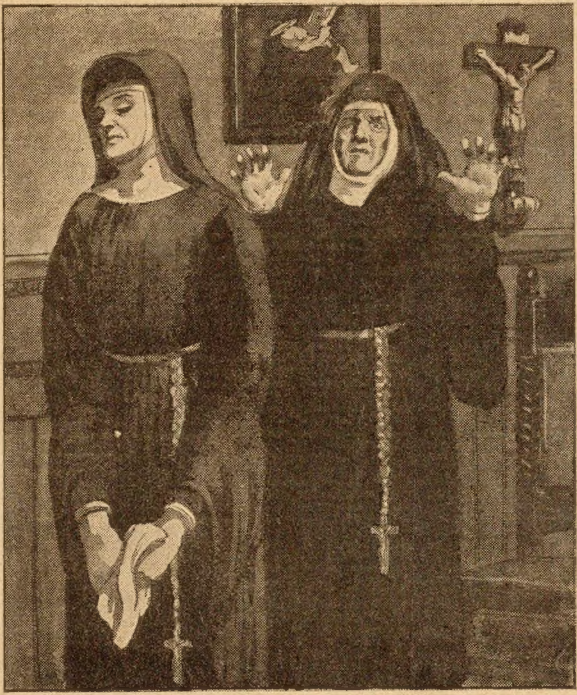
"You are better, miss?" Mrs. Heriot asked, anxiously. "You have been ill for hours. I found you lying on the floor like dead."

Hope covered her face and began to sob.

"I was not dreaming, then!" she moaned. "Oh, God! it was all real, real!"

A fearful, startled look sprang into the old woman's eyes.

"What is all real?" she asked, quickly.



"Both were my children!"

"Where is Mark Fanshaw?" Hope asked, trying bravely to control her emotions.

"Mark Fanshaw? I don't know what you mean, miss. You have been having bad dreams, and no wonder. But you must keep quiet, the doctor said so, for the time is drawing near."

But the girl shook her head.

"What terrible thing have Arthur and the other man done with Mark? Have they murdered him?" she asked, and her voice sank to a scarcely audible whisper.

The old woman's face darkened and an anxious look crept into her eyes.

"What do you know of Arthur Fanshaw?" she asked.

"Know!" cried Hope. "Would to God I had died before I had ever seen him!" And the tears she could not restrain, flowed down her cheek, as she thought of his cruel words. "Only the old night-watch's daughter."

"Ah!" the old woman exclaimed. "It is not the lawyer fellow, then?"

Hope rose slowly from the bed, her face burning with shame.

"I must go home at once, Mrs. Heriot. I will go home to mother and father. It was wrong of me to have left them. They will understand, if all the world does not."

"You must remain in bed miss, indeed, you must," Mrs. Heriot began.

"No, no! I cannot! I will not!" she cried, wildly. "I must go home! I must! I must!"

Hope made as though she would leave the room, but the woman caught and drew her back.

"You can't leave this house at present. I have strict orders to see that you do not escape."

Hope fought desperately, but the woman clung to her with the desperation of despair. A few moments' terrible struggle, and Hope lay unconscious upon the floor. The woman raised her gently in her arms and laid her on the bed.

"So it's Arthur Fanshaw," she murmured to herself. "Poor child! I pity you. You need expect no mercy from him." She gently brushed the hair from the fair childish face. "Poor child!" she said again. "She is little more than a baby," and a sympathetic tear stole down the withered old cheek and fell on the girl's cold white face. "But what am I to do with her. If I let her go she will tell, and that will mean the Central for us all."

An hour later a boy brought a message to Mrs. Conroy. It read:

"Send Arthur Fanshaw or the lawyer fellow here at once. The girl is going to be troublesome."

CHAPTER XVI.

The next day Arthur Fanshaw went to the address given him by Mrs. Conroy, as the house where Hope lived. He did not notice until quite close to the place that the number given was that of the house where Mark Heriot's mother lived. Then he remembered the woman lodger spoken of by Mrs. Heriot, and he cursed himself and the old woman for blind stupid moles.

He rang the bell and was admitted by Mrs. Heriot herself.

"Why did you not tell me you had the girl, Hope Fraser, here?" he demanded irritably.

"Why did you not tell me you were the man that kept the girl at my sister's? How was I to know that she was anything to you?"

It was apparent that Mrs. Heriot was in no humor to shoulder the blame for the mistake. Therefore it would be policy to agree with her, to stroke her the right way, as you would a cat, till the bristles had all settled quietly into place.

"No, you were not to blame, of course," he began, soothingly. "Mrs. Conroy should have mentioned the name of her sister with whom the girl was to lodge; and stupidly enough I never thought to ask. It was all a mistake from the start. But I presume there will be no serious results."

"Don't be so sure of that. The girl knows all."

Arthur Fanshaw's face turned livid, and great beads of perspiration broke out on his brow.

"She knows all!" he cried, hoarsely. "But you told me you locked her in her room?"

"And I told you what I believed to be the truth. I locked her room door, but it seems the girl was not in her room."

For a few minutes the woman was silent, and the man paced the floor in deep, sullen rage.

"But she can't possibly know all! She only suspects," he cried.

"You are mistaken, sir. The girl knows all. She was hidden in the closet of the room where you took your brother. She knows all, sir!" the woman cried, convincingly.

The terrible truth rushed in upon him like an avenging angel. The knowledge that his guilt was known to the girl whose life he had ruined, whose faith he had betrayed, was most bitter and humiliating.

"She shall never use that knowledge against us, Mrs. Heriot. I have power enough over her to keep her silent!" he cried, his face stern and set.

"While the child remains under my roof you shall hurt no hair of her innocent head. I should think you had done her harm enough already," and her voice was accusing and bitter.

"Hang it all! I don't mean to harm her. It is equally to your advantage to keep her silent. I think I had better see her before I go." But Mrs. Heriot shook her head.

"The child is too miserable and ailing to see any one. You must wait."

A muttered curse fell from his lips, but the woman heeded it not.

"In the meantime, then, you will see that she does not escape?" he asked.

"It will be some time before she will be able to try to escape. She is seriously ill."

"See that she has proper care then, Mrs. Heriot. It might prove rather awkward were anything to happen to her just now, and a public investigation follow. Here is fifty dollars for present needs, and I think I can depend on your remaining silent about the affair?" The woman took the money and nodded assent.

Five minutes later Arthur Fanshaw boarded a car for Ottawa, and his thoughts were conflicting and bitter. Surely fate had dealt him a bitter blow in sending Hope to the very house where his evil designs had been carried out. At Bank street he alighted and strolled idly about. Almost unconsciously he paused before the cathedral. A long black line of nuns was entering for matins. He stood still and scanned the face of each as she passed. Then a pale nun, with a face like palest wax and a drooping head, passed. For an instant their eyes met, and recognition flashed from both, but neither spoke. The pale nun, who was known as "Sister Rose," passed on, and with the other sisters entered the cathedral.

For a moment Arthur Fanshaw gazed after the silent, drooping figure, then he entered the cathedral also.

Blackburn had told him of his mother's having entered a convent, but he had ceased to remember it, until the pale, sad face of Sister Rose had risen before him. It was the face of his own mother.

Arthur Fanshaw's eyes, singled out the nun with the sad face and drooping head. Languidly he listened to the words of the priest.

"The fool saith in his heart there is no God." That was the text, repeated again and again, until every pillar, arch, and statue seemed to echo it.

Arthur Fanshaw listened vaguely, only half comprehending the words of the priest, whose burning eyes searched the faces of the great mute throng.

"Men do evil deeds, and think evil thoughts, and justify them in their own evil minds. The fool saith in his heart there is no God! Let man beware of the lie he would tell to his own heart. Let him beware, for the wages of sin is death."

Arthur Fanshaw's face grew white, and his hands trembled; but his emotion was only momentary. A curl of the hard, stern lips told that his good angel had again fought for his soul and lost.

The priest continued: "The world and the things of the world change continually, but man changeth not. The stars that hang twinkling in the sky have been there for ages. Before man was, they had twinkled there. The river that flows through our city tonight flowed there centuries ago. Generations of men and women have lived and died, and still the same waters wash the same old shores. yet the stars and the river will vanish, but man will remain when time has ceased to be. All things shall perish, but thy soul shall live eternal."

The sermon was finished, and there was a slight rustle among the congregation. Faces that had been pale and drawn with fear, or shadowed with remorse, or glorified with the spirit of God, resumed their normal expressions.

The vesper hymn was sung by the white-robed choir. It floated up to the blue roof, where miniature stars glittered. The soft, sweet notes floated through the pictured windows, and were lost in the throbbing city street. There was one voice that did not echo the vesper hymn. The cold lips of Arthur Fanshaw were but the outward sign of the cold, merciless heart within.

He was asking himself: Was it true, that when the stars and the rivers had ceased to be, still man would endure? Poof! men had died, and their places had been filled by others, since the beginning of time. Who should say that they still endured. They had lived, believed, died, and were laid away. Their sins and sorrows, virtues and noble deeds had gone with them, and no voice came from the grave to tell us of the life eternal. It was all a dream, this hope of a future life. But it was a dream from which there would be no rude awakening to know that it was only a dream.

CHAPTER XVII.

A few weeks later a morning paper contained the following:

"Many of our readers will recall the account of the daring highway robbery of a few months ago, when Mr. Henry and his wife were held up and robbed of money and valuables, while returning from the city.

"The police had long sought the man, but he had cleverly eluded them. Information was handed the chief which led to the arrest of the notorious highwayman, Mark Heriot.

"Heriot's trial has just been concluded and it is satisfactory to note that for the next seven years he will not menace the lives or purses of honest citizens.

"The evidence was most complete. The pocketbook and papers stolen from Mr. Henry were found on the highwayman's person when arrested! The prisoner set up the astounding plea of mistaken identity. He denied his name was Mark Heriot and claimed to be Mark Fanshaw. He was identified as Mark Heriot by a number of witnesses, among whom were his old mother (whose evidence was given with reluctance and many tears). The evidence was most damning and conclusive, and painful beyond the power of pen to describe, when a son so unnatural should deny his own mother. The claim to be Mark Fanshaw was exploded like a toy balloon when the real Mark Fanshaw was put on the stand. The resemblance between the two men is most striking and singular, and it would not be a difficult thing for one to pass for the other. As a last straw of defense the prisoner asked that the wife of Mark Fanshaw be brought before the court, but, as it was explained that Mrs. Fanshaw was seriously ill at her home, the court wisely decided against the application. Thus a well-deserved sentence of seven years was passed upon the prisoner.

"Heriot, attended by two guards leaves tomorrow for Kingston, where he will be safely lodged in the Central to serve out his term for a long line of daring criminal offenses."

A week passed, and the public had almost forgotten Mark Heriot, when the following paragraph appeared in the evening papers:

"It has just been learned that the man Mark Heriot, who was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for highway robbery, was taken violently ill with fever upon his arrival at Kingston, and little hope is held out for his recovery. Certain rumors are afloat that the defense set up at the trial should have been prosecuted more vigorously, and might have had different results."

It was just another case of the innocent suffering for the guilty. Once again the courts of justice had condemned an innocent man. Mark Fanshaw, whose life had been irreproachable in every way, was condemned to serve seven years for the crimes of Mark Heriot, the highwayman.

His honest, upright life and many deeds of charity, counted as nothing. His young wife, who was worse than widowed, while yet a bride, his mother in seclusion almost as great as the grave, these women might weep until their sight was washed away. What did the world care for their tears? What did it avail the man who had been sentenced so unjustly?

CHAPTER XVIII.

The private room of the Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent was a chill and barren chamber, containing only a heavy oaken table and four or five chairs of the same substantial wood. The walls were a dull hue, and on either side hung two masterpieces in oil, one of the Virgin and Child, the other "The Flight Into Egypt." Besides these two pictures a few text cards hung from the bare walls.

Four days had elapsed since Arthur Fanshaw had attended mass in the cathedral, and recognized his mother among the nuns of the Sacred Heart. The Superior sat in her private room, and a sister knelt at her feet.

"Mother, I have sinned, grievously sinned," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "and my sin has brought terrible punishment."

"Sin is always punished, my daughter. Speak on."

"It is thirty years since I sinned so terribly, mother. When I was only seventeen years of age, I met a young man whose handsome face and flattering tongue pleased my girlish fancy. I thought him so true and noble, mother, and oh, I was so terribly deceived! I was the only child of a widowed mother, and I had been reared in luxury. My mother's dearest wish was that I should become a nun. I had promised to gratify her wish, and then I met the man whom I have spoken of, and we eloped."

The lips of the Superior met in silent prayer.

"What was his name, my daughter?"

"Thurlow. We came from Quebec to Ottawa. A child was born, and we called him Mark. My husband's love grew cold and died. It may have been my fault. I may have failed to make him happy, but he left me and oh, he said I was not his wife!"

The voice faltered, the whole body quivered.

"Well, my daughter?"

"When he left me, mother, I tried to destroy God's greatest gift. I tried to drown myself and the little one, but they rescued me. I was deemed a dangerous person, and was placed in an asylum, and my baby, my little Mark, was placed in an orphanage, and was from there adopted by a couple living in Hintonburg."

"But my daughter, were you a lawful wife?"

"Yes, mother, I was a lawful wife. I have since ascertained that the ceremony was legal and binding."

"And the child?" the mother asked, and solemnly told her beads.

"The child has been lost to me, mother, but I know that he lives. I have seen him," and she made the sign of the cross.

"Go on, my daughter."

"My child was lost to me, as I thought forever. I married again, but I did not deceive my husband. I told him of my former marriage. He was a good man, mother, and he understood. We were happy. Two sons were born and grew to manhood. Then my husband died."

There was a sob, and the penitent raised her pale face.

"My eldest child grew to be the image of my little lost darling—my Mark. Every feature, every gesture was the same. Partly to remind me of my lost darling, and partly to make me forget him, I called the second child Mark. My youngest son I called Arthur. I thought my first child dead. For thirty years I had heard nothing of him. But our lives have crossed at last.

It was the shadow of a woman.

"Mother, my son, the child of that first terrible union, my baby for whom I wept for weeks, my darling, whose loss was all but the loss of his mother's soul, my little lost child has grown to manhood, a thief and an outcast."

The lips of the Superior moved again in silent prayer.

"He is the man known to the world as the real Mark Heriot, but to me he is Mark Thurlow, my son."

"My dear daughter, you sinned, but your punishment has been terrible. Heriot—Mark Heriot. Is that not the man who has been sentenced for highway robbery?"

"It is the name, but not the man who committed the terrible deed. Mother, the crime was committed by my son, Mark Thurlow, but it is my son Mark Fanshaw, who has been sentenced."

"My dear sorrowing daughter," the Superior said, falteringly.

"I was in the court and heard all," the sister confessed, "and I alone knew the truth. Bear with me, most holy mother, that I transgress the laws of this holy order. Think, kind mother, that the nun was yet the woman, and yet the mother. I heard all. I listened to the charge that convicted my son, Mark Thurlow, but sent to prison my son Mark Fanshaw. One son was guilty before God and man. The other was innocent. I heard him deny the name they gave him, and I was the only one who knew he spoke the truth."

"What did you do, my daughter?"

"Mother, I did nothing. An awful conflict was raging in my soul. I could not exonerate one son without condemning the other, and both were my own flesh and blood."

"Horrible!" the Superior cried. "But my daughter, one was innocent, the other guilty."

"It was so, mother; but both were my own children. It is hard for a mother to condemn her own child. I was weak, mother, and I shrank from revealing my past. It seemed to me that I was dumb with horror and despair. I could not move or think. I have told you all, mother. Tell me what I must do?"

"My dear daughter, I dare not say what you should do. We must humble ourselves before the cross, and pray for guidance."

The Superior rose, and took the crucifix in her hand. The sister did likewise, and together they left the convent and entered the silent chapel.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the colored windows, and cast a subdued glow over the altar. Inside a sacred stillness reigned. It fell like healing balm upon the hearts of the two women.

Down upon their knees they went together, and prayed for light and guidance. After a time the Superior arose, but the sister knelt on; darkness fell, and she was still kneeling; and when the east was streaked with the first rays of dawn, the dim light fell on her bowed head.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the village all was silent and peaceful. The men who toiled in the Fanshaw mills sat about their cottage doors resting, after their hard day's toil.

Suddenly the calm evening stillness was broken. Down the street came Mark Fanshaw with a dozen followers. They were singing a low barroom ditty, and the harsh notes of their drunken voices echoed shrilly on the calm evening air, as the sang:

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear."

"A wonder, indeed, if he did go home before morning," said honest Jim Johnston to his wife. "The rowdy is ruining all the men of the village. He is taking the bread from the women and children and giving it to the whisky-seller. Bad 'cess to him."

The drunken crew came on, singing and shouting, and waving their hats, their bloated, discolored faces smeared with liquor.

"What has come over the lad?" the woman said. "He was once as bonnie a lad as was in the village."

"Rightly spoken, wife," honest Jimmy replied. I sometimes think that trial in Ottawa was not on the square. Certain it is that a few days changed Mark Fanshaw from a respected gentleman to one of the lowest rowdies."

"What's it going to be now, Jimmy?" the wife cried.

The drunken crew had suddenly ceased singing, and oaths and angry shouts filled the air.

"Give it to him, Mickie!" one shouted.

"Break his durn neck, Mister Mark!" another voice cried.

A general street brawl followed. Fists and boots and bottles were used indiscriminately, and blood flowed freely. Children ran crying to their mothers, and women turned their faces away to shut out the terrible sight. Men gathered quickly, and the drunken rowdies were roughly separated.

Two men grabbed Mark Fanshaw by the arms and jerked him to his feet. He was much soberer now than he had been twenty minutes ago. He shook the dust from his coat, and wiped his blood-smeared face.

"That what's a gentleman gets by mixing with such gutter rats!" he cried angrily.

"Gutter rats, indeed! I should like to know who made us gutter rats then? We were sober, law-abiding men until after that queer affair o' yourn in Ottawa."

"Right you are, Mickie!" a chorus of voices cried.

"Our women didn't have to go in rags, or our children cry for bread then," another cried, bitterly.

A murmur of approval went around.

"And he calls us 'gutter rats,'" Mickie roared.

"And gutter rats ye are, every one of ye, you——"

He never finished the sentence. There was the crashing of glass, and the supposed Mark Fanshaw fell senseless to the street, a gaping cut in the side of his head near the left temple. Alarmed at what had occurred, the others, one by one, slunk away.

A doctor was hastily summoned. The flow of blood was stanched, and a carriage obtained to take Mark Fanshaw—still unconscious—home.

"He has gone home before morning, after all, wife," honest Jimmy observed with a grin.

A few days later Mark Fanshaw, as he was called, was about again. The wound had not proved as serious as was at first anticipated. But the white bandage was an irksome reminder of that humiliating affair.

"I wish a few words with you in the office, Arthur Fanshaw said, brusquely.

"What's the row now, I wonder," Mark thought, as he slowly followed.

Arthur Fanshaw sat down at his desk and slowly drew out some papers. Inspecting them carefully, he laid them to one side.

"You will please sign your name there," he said, indicating a blank space, "and here, and here," pushing two other papers forward.

"You seem to have a lot of business on hand, old boy," the other said, leeringly. "I'll just take a glance at these papers. It's about time I began to notice what I sign."

Arthur Fanshaw started and his face suddenly paled. The other coolly examined the papers and pushed them back.

"Guess I'll not sign these today," he said, significantly.

Arthur Fanshaw's face was working strangely. It was the first time the other had refused to do his bidding.

"You will sign those at once," he said, sharply. "I have no time to waste."

"I shan't sign them at all," was the reply.

Arthur Fanshaw rose to his feet and stared incredulously at the other. It was the first time he had realized how much he was in the other's power.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean to be a tool no longer. I will be master in my own house after this."

For a moment Arthur Fanshaw did not speak, but the muscles of his face worked convulsively.

"Remember the result if you disobey me," he said, threateningly.

"Do your worst, old man! You proved me to be Mark Fanshaw. You'll have a time proving I am not he now," and a loud guffaw followed.

"You will sign these papers and save yourself trouble," and Arthur again laid the papers before the other and handed him a pen.

"Not this time, unless——" and he paused.

"Unless what?" the other asked, sharply.

"Well, I might possibly do it for another thousand. You see, I am rather hard up just now."

"You have had your allowance," the other coolly remarked. I suppose you have blown it in with that crew of rowdies you associate with. I tell you I am about tired of the way you are going on," he said, his face growing dark and angry.

"I am tired of it all, too," the other retorted, hotly. "Tired of asking for what is rightfully my own! Tired of being master, and yet only a slave! I tell you what it is, I have a mind to chuck the whole thing. I'll see Blackburn, I will. I ain't going to be under anybody's thumb any longer."

A squirt of liquid tobacco on the velvet carpet emphasized his words.

Arthur Fanshaw's face was cold and stern, and his hands twitched nervously. He walked calmly to the desk, however, and wrote out a check and handed it to the other.

"While you are engaged in spending this, you had better reconsider what you have just said. Otherwise this may be the last of the Fanshaw dollars you will ever have the opportunity of spending. Don't forget what I said to you the night we changed your name. You are Mark Fanshaw only so long as you obey me. When you cease to do that you are Mark Heriot again." His face was cold and set, his voice threatening, and his whole manner calculated to inspire awe and dread.

The other laughed tauntingly.

"You daren't do it, old man. To prove me Mark Heriot, you would have to put the halter around your own neck. I am Mark Fanshaw, sure enough, old man," and again he gave a loud guffaw.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees with Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick) and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find Grape-Nuts and albumin water very nourishing and refreshing. This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice or flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

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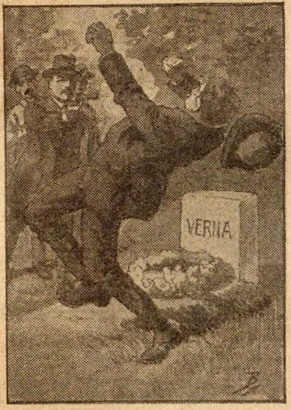
The Moonshiners

A STORY OF VENGEANCE

By Emma Howard Wight



"Throw up your hands!"

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CHAPTER IX.

"HE WILL DO HIS DUTY."

THE maid finished clearing off the table, placed the bowl of roses in the center, and went away, taking little Millicent with her. Marian Courtnay went to the table and buried her face in the roses. The quivering sigh that left her lips scattered some of the leaves which fell like drops of blood on the dainty white cover. Mrs. Courtnay drew back, shuddering.

"How dreadfully nervous I am!" she murmured. "Oh, how glad I shall be when this long day is over!"

At that moment the mulatto girl entered.

"Thar's a woman, Miss Marian, what wants to see de Jedge," she said. "I tole her he done gone to de cou'thouse, and she says she wants to see you."

"Very well, Rose; show her in here," replied Mrs. Courtnay.

The girl went out, returning in a few minutes with a dark-haired woman, dressed something like the wife of a farmer and carrying a sunbonnet in her hand. She waited until the maid had left the room, and then addressed Mrs. Courtnay with an abruptness under which there was suppressed agitation.

"You be the wife of Judge Courtnay?" she queried.

"Yes," replied Marian Courtnay. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I came to see Judge Courtnay," the woman replied. "I thought I would git heah befo' he started fo' the cou'thouse." She paused a moment. "I am the wife of John Galt." Marian Courtnay started and looked at her quickly, questioningly. "I come to ask Judge Courtnay not to find my husband guilty."

Mrs. Courtnay shook her head with a faint smile.

"I am sure you could not influence my husband in any way," she said, gently, but with decision. "He will do his duty."

The woman looked at her strangely.

"Even if thar be danger to him in the doin' of it?" she queried.

Marian Courtnay turned deadly pale, but she replied, steadily: "Yes; he would do his duty if it cost him his life."

The mountaineer's wife gave a slight start.

"I never said nothin' like that," she exclaimed quickly, a scared look in her eyes.

"I feel that there is danger for my husband if he finds John Galt guilty," murmured Marian Courtnay, with pale, trembling lips.

The mountaineer's wife looked at her with sudden eagerness.

"Well, 'lowing that you feel that way, don't let yo' husband find him guilty," she said.

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Courtnay. "What do you mean?"

The wife of John Galt gave a quick glance at the clock on the mantel.

"It's only a little arter nine, and the trial don't begin till eleven," she replied. "You have plenty of time to see and talk with yo' husband befo' cou't begins. Go to him or send fo' him to come to you. Git him to promise you not to find John Galt guilty." She looked at the beautiful wife of Judge Courtnay. "I reckon thar ain't nothin' you can't make him do."

"I cannot make him fail in the performance of his duty," said Marian.

"But he must love you very much," persisted the other woman. "You and that pretty little child I seen playin' among the roses, as I come in."

A wan smile touched Marian Courtnay's pale lips.

"Yes, he loves us very, very much," she said. "But there is something still dearer to him."

"What is that?" asked the mountain woman, half wondering, half incredulous.

"His honor," was the quiet answer.

The wife of the moonshiner stared.

"Is what you call his honor dearer to him than his wife, his child, his—life?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Marian Courtnay. "If my husband believes it to be his duty to find John Galt guilty, there is nothing in all the world that can prevent his doing so." A baffled look, in which fear and pity were mingled, passed over Annie Galt's face. "Oh," Marian held out her hands toward her in desperate, heart-rending appeal, "if there is danger threatening my husband, as you are yourself a wife, a mother, help me, tell me how I can save him."

The mountaineer's wife looked away from the pale, anguished, imploring face.

"I never said thar was anything goin' to happen to him," she said, evasively.

"But you more than implied it," cried Marian, desperately.

"I never said it," the mountaineer's wife repeated, doggedly.

She turned to go out. Marian Courtnay stood watching her, helplessly, sick with misery and fear. She realized that it was useless to try to detain the woman from the mountain or to try to induce her to speak or help. She had evidently said all that she intended to say.

The wife of John Galt went out without one backward glance.

CHAPTER X.

AT HIS POST.

At the foot of the veranda steps, Judge Courtnay found Silas waiting for him. Judge Courtnay looked at him with a smile that was very gentle and very affectionate.

"So you intend accompanying me, Silas?" he said.

"Ya'as, massa, I'se gwine 'long wid you," Silas replied, very simply. As they walked side by side along the walk between the roses, he continued, "When de ole marse, yo' faddeh, went 'way fo' to jine de 'Federate Army, I went 'long, too. I war thar when he fell in battle. He died wid his hade on my breast."

Judge Courtnay was silent. On his face there was a very grave look. At the gate he turned and looked back at his beautiful home, a long, sad look, while the old darky waited, his eyes bent upon the ground.

"Come, Silas," his master said, at length, turning his face in the direction of the town.

The courtroom was crowded to suffocation when Judge Courtnay and Andrew Carter, the commonwealth's attorney entered. In a few minutes, the sheriff brought in the prisoner, accompanied by his counsel, David Barr, the latter a very able lawyer. The prisoner was perfectly self-possessed. Both the lawyer and the sheriff were tall men, but Galt's blond head towered above them. His clear blue eyes flashed one sweeping glance over the crowded courtroom, and the suspicion of a smile crossed his lips. He had seen midway in the courtroom his brother, Jim Galt, and Clem Brown.

Judge Courtnay and the prosecuting attorney had also noted the presence of the mountaineers. Judge Courtnay recognized the younger man, with his haggard face and somber, brooding eyes, as the mountaineer who had killed his sweetheart by mistake for Jasper Wynne. There was a warrant out for his arrest, but the sheriff had been unable to locate him. Judge Courtnay reflected a moment as to the advisability of having the mountaineer put under arrest, but decided that it would not be wise at that time. It was time for the opening of court, and he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Judge Courtnay ordered the prisoner to rise, and then proceeded to read the arraignment—to the effect that John Galt had been arrested on a warrant charging him with illicit distilling, with intent to defraud the Government, that the said John Galt now appeared before the court to stand his trial for the above offense, and, in accordance with the evidence brought forward, to be adjudged guilty or acquitted.

Judge Courtnay then turned to the prisoner.

"John Galt, are you guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

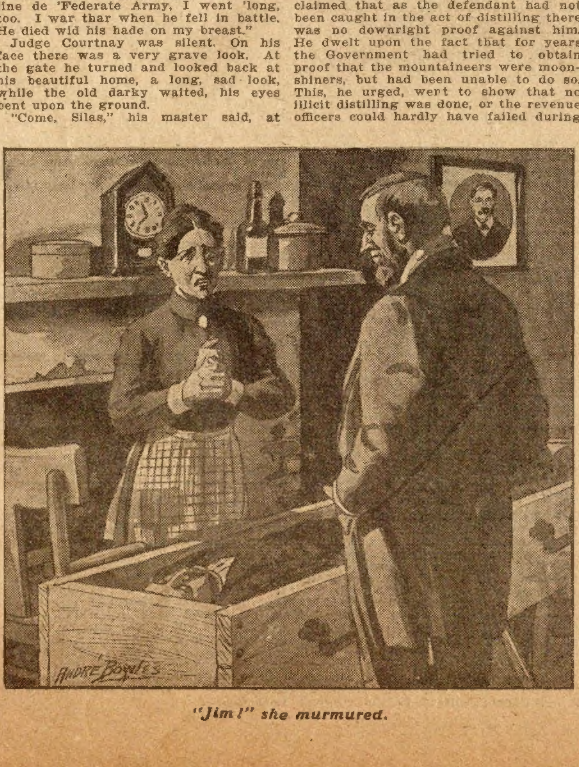
"Not guilty," replied Galt.

"You can sit down," said Judge Courtnay, and the prisoner resumed his seat.

There were no witnesses for the defense.

The commonwealth's witnesses were the three revenue officers, who had gone to Galt's house to arrest him. Corts testified that he had received information which had justified him in applying for a warrant for the arrest of John Galt, on the charge of moonshining. The other two officers testified to finding a still in the cellar of Galt's house. A later search of the premises had resulted in the discovery of an underground room, communicating with the cellar, in which the liquor was stored.

The speech of the prisoner's counsel was clever, if not convincing. He claimed that as the defendant had not been caught in the act of distilling there was no downright proof against him. He dwelt upon the fact that for years the Government had tried to obtain proof that the mountaineers were moonshiners, but had been unable to do so. This, he urged, went to show that no illicit distilling was done, or the revenue officers could hardly have failed during



"Jim!" she murmured.

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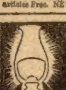

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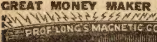

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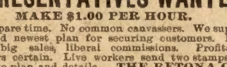

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all those years to have discovered some traces of it. He brought up and enlarged upon the fact that the Galts were cattle dealers, and claimed that their prosperity was due to this, and not to the selling of moonshine whisky. The whole tenor of his speech was to show that a still in a man's cellar was not sufficent to warrant his being found guilty of illicit distilling.

The prisoner listened with close attention to his counsel's speech and his blond face, bleached fair during his imprisonment, showed approval, with just a suspicion of amusement in his blue eyes.

At the conclusion of the speech for the defense, court adjourned for the midday meal.

"Did you notice those two mountaineers in court?" the prosecuting attorney asked Judge Courtnay, as they crossed the street to the hotel.

"Yes, I saw them," replied Judge Courtnay, quietly. Silas, walking behind his master, quickened his steps, listening attentively.

"One of them is the brother of the prisoner, and the father of the girl, Verna Galt," added the commonwealth attorney.

"Yes, and the other is the young mountaineer who shot Verna Galt," said Judge Courtnay, quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Carter.

"Yes, I once bought a horse from the fellow, and that is how I came to recognize him as Clem Brown when I saw him in court this morning." Judge Courtnay explained.

"He is a daring fellow to come here today," remarked the commonwealth attorney, thoughtfully.

"Daring is characteristic of those mountaineers," said Judge Courtnay. "I hardly think it would be wise to arrest him."

Carter shook his head.

"No, it would not," he declared, with decision. "We've had a sample of these mountaineers' methods of retaliation. We want to get through with this trial of Galt's quickly and quietly, if we can," he added, in a lower tone.

A faint smile crossed Judge Courtnay's lips. He nodded his head understandingly.

At the door of the hotel, Judge Courtnay paused and turned to Silas.

"Go around to the kitchen, Silas," he said, "tell them to give you a good dinner."

"Ya'as, massa," Silas replied, but he stood gazing after his master, as the latter passed into the hotel as though loth to let him out of his sight.

The long tables in the diningroom were crowded, but places had been reserved for the Judge and the prosecuting attorney at the end of one of the tables beside the counsel for the defense. The latter was eating his dinner with an excellent appetite. He was not in the least suspense as to the result of the trial. He had known from the first that the man he was going to defend had no chance of acquittal.

The three men conversed on general topics. The prisoner's counsel finished his dinner and arose. He sauntered out of the hotel and over to the jail. He found Galt just finishing a substantial meal. He appeared calm and undisturbed.

"That was a fine speech of yours, Mr. Barr," he remarked.

"I did the best I could for you, Galt, under the circumstances," declared the lawyer.

Galt nodded.

"I reckon the court'll find me guilty," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment.

"I am afraid there isn't much doubt of it. There's no getting around the evidence against you."

Again Galt nodded.

The warden came in to remove the tray.

As he went out, the lawyer remarked, with a rather keen glance at Galt: "I saw your brother and Clem Brown in court this morning."

"Yes." The prisoner spoke carelessly. His face was imperturbable.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and arose. Whatever his thoughts or surmises were, he kept them to himself.

The sheriff entered to take the prisoner over to the courthouse. The courtroom was crowded as it had been in the morning. Jim Galt and Clem Brown were present, a little further back than they had been in the forenoon. Silas, sitting on the steps of the platform on which the Judge was seated, watched the mountaineers almost constantly. The prisoner, after that one flashing glance when he first entered the courtroom in the forenoon, had not looked again in their direction.

When court opened, the commonwealth attorney arose to make his speech for the prosecution.

He began by ridiculing the idea brought forward by the prisoner's counsel that a man might have a still in his house, a place for storing liquor, and yet be innocent of the charge against him—that of illicit distilling, simply because he had not been caught in the act. It was quite true, as the prisoner's counsel had asserted, the mountain clan, of which the Galts were the leading power, had long been suspected of making moonshine whisky. The fact that it had not been brought home to them before was owing to the novel and original method they had employed. Naturally it had never occurred to the revenue officers to look into cellars for stills. It was generally known how the revenue officers came by the information that enabled them to arrest John Galt. He spoke in language which held the courtroom spellbound, of the mountaineers' attempt to kill Jasper Wynne.

"These mountaineers are not alone illicit distillers of whisky, defrauders of the Government," he cried, in a ringing voice, "but they are outlaws and murderers."

The counsel for the defense was on his feet in a moment.

"I object, your honor," he cried. "The defendant is on trial for illicit distilling, not for murder."

"I see no reason for putting any restriction upon Mr. Carter in his speech," replied Judge Courtnay, quietly.

The prisoner's counsel sat down. The prisoner, who had listened at first with indifference to the commonwealth's attorney's speech, turned an ominously dark look upon him as he continued his scathing.

The commonwealth's attorney brought his speech to a close, and sat down, looking hot and tired. The trial proceeded, and after listening to Judge Courtnay's instructions the jury retired. They returned before long, however, with the verdict "guilty." Judge Courtnay arose.

"The prisoner having been found guilty by the jury," he said, "rise, John Galt, that I may pronounce sentence upon you."

John Galt arose, folded his arms across his breast, and looked calmly at the Judge.

Silas' eyes were fixed upon the two mountaineers, the dark, knotted hands, holding his hat, trembled.

"I sentence you, Jonn Galt, to two years in the penitentiary," said Judge Courtnay.

As he spoke the last word, a low cry broke from the lips of the old darky followed instantly by two pistol shots.

Judge Courtnay staggered back and fell to the floor. The commonwealth's attorney fell forward on his face. The former had been shot through the heart by Clem Brown; the latter in the shoulder by Jim Galt. The two mountaineers backed to the door, their pistols raised, went out, mounted their horses, and dashed away toward the mountain.

Silas was the first to reach Judge Courtnay, who lay white and still, the blood gushing from a wound in his breast. The old darky lifted his master's head to his breast.

"Massa, my deah, deah massa!" he murmured, in a voice of anguish.

The heavy eyelids of the dying man quivered, his eyes opened and looked up into the face of the old darky.

"Silas," he murmured, "faithful——" the faint voice trailed into silence, the eyelids fluttered, then softly, gently closed, and the soul of the man who had died at his post went out to meet its God.

* * * * * *

Slowly, with bowed head, Silas passed along the graveled walk, between the rioting bloom of the roses. A child's merry laugh smote upon the perfumed air, a dainty little figure in white ran forward to meet the old darky.

"Where's papa, Silas?" asked little Millicent.

Silas laid a trembling hand on her bright curls.

"He am in Hebben," he replied.

A low, gasping cry caused him to look up quickly.

In the doorway stood Marian Courtnay, white, rigid, staring, like a woman turned to stone.

With the child clinging to his hand, Silas went up the veranda steps toward her. She looked at Silas, her white lips moved dumbly, but no sound came from them.

"De massa died at his post," said Silas.

CHAPTER XI.

"IS HE SET FREE?"

The wife of John Galt stood at the gate, her eyes fixed upon two horsemen coming swiftly up the mountain road. They were Jim Galt and Clem Brown. They drew rein at the gate. The woman looked up at them, silently, questioningly.

"The Judge found John guilty," said Jim Galt.

He paused, but still the woman looked at him without speaking.

"The Judge is dead," he added, after a moment.

Then the wife of John Galt spoke.

"Did you kill anybody else?" she asked.

Clem Brown turned his haggard eyes upon her and spoke for the first time.

"The commonwealth's attorney is wounded, but not dead," he said. He looked sullenly at Jim Galt. "That was a damned bad shot of yours."

Jim Galt shrugged his shoulders.

"When that old nigger cried out it gave me a start, and my hand swerved as I pulled the trigger," he explained

"They'll be comin' after you," said the woman.

"Yes, we got to hide," Jim Galt replied. "I reckon it won't be safe for me to go home. They'll go thar lookin' fo' me. Do all you kin to' cheer up the old wom-

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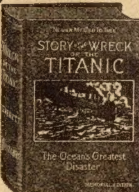

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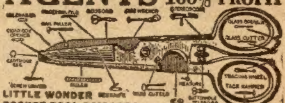

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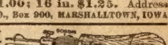

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an,' Annie," his voice softened. "Don't let her think too much about—Verna." The woman nodded.

The young mountaineer sat rigidly, his strong hand clenched at his side.

"Come along, Clem, we'd better be gittin' along," said Jim Galt.

The two men rode on up the mountain. The woman stood looking thoughtfully toward the town, in the middle of which rose the cupola of the courthouse bathed in the golden light of the sun.

"She said he would do his duty," she murmured. She paused, then added, "I am mighty sorry for her."

An hour or so later, as the sun was setting, the sheriff and several deputies rode up the mountain and stopped at the gate of John Galt's house. The sheriff called and Annie Galt came and stood in the doorway. She lifted her hand to shade her eyes from the crimson glow from the sun and looked quietly at the men at the gate.

"I reckon you ain't got them two murderers hid in your house?"

"What two murderers?" she asked.

"Jim Galt and Clem Brown. They've killed Judge Courtnay and wounded the commonwealth's attorney. Have you seen 'em?"

The woman shook her head.

"What's the use of questioning her?" said one of the others. "It's wasted time."

They consulted together as to the advisability of searching the house.

"It'll be clear waste of time," the sheriff declared. "They'll hide on the mountain. We'd better go on."

He turned again to the woman.

"They're bringin' home your husband," he said.

The sun had sunk behind the mountain, the red glow faded, leaving the woman wrapped about with the wan pallor of twilight.

She moved forward a few steps as the sheriff spoke.

"Is he set free?" she asked.

The sheriff laughed grimly.

"He's dead," he replied, pitilessly. The woman shrank back, leaning heavily against the side of the door, staring at the men through the fast-gathering dusk. "He was shot."

"Who shot him?" she asked mechanically.

"No one knows. He was shot by some one in the crowd as I was taking him back to the jail."

The men rode on up the mountain. The sound of a child crying came from within the house. The woman turned mechanically and went in.

CHAPTER XII.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

In a coffin, covered entirely with the rare roses he had loved so much, lay the body of Judge Courtnay. Beside the coffin, his white head bowed, Silas kept sad and loving vigil.

Upstairs in her bedroom, white, mute, and tearless, the widow sat by the window, her hands folded on her lap, gazing with unseeing eyes out into the moonlit beauty of the summer night, fragrant with the perfume of countless roses. On the bed little Millicent lay sleeping, her golden-brown curls tossed back over the pillow, her soft, regular breathing the only sound that broke the deathlike silence.

Up on the mountainside, the wife of John Galt sat beside the dead body of the mountaineer. He lay in a crude, hastily constructed coffin, the work of the mountaineers. No one dared venture into the town to procure a coffin. There was a bullet hole in the forehead of the dead man. The stillness, pallor, and rigidity of death sat strangely upon the strong, splendid physique of the mountaineer, upon the bold, handsome face.

The room, in which the body lay, was on the ground floor. A door, leading out into the yard, stood wide open.

The wife of the dead mountaineer lay upon a couch near the head of the coffin. At times, overcome by exhaustion, she slept fitfully. From an adjoining room came the murmur of voices, low, subdued. They were the watchers, but the woman was alone with her dead.

The body of the mountaineer had been brought to his home in a rough farm wagon. Three men bore it into the house none too gently, their faces sullen. The wife met them at the door, led the way into a room on the ground floor, telling them in a calm, unemotional voice where to place the corpse.

After the men had laid the body on the bed, one of them turned to the woman and said: "He got what he deserved."

She looked at him silently, stolidly, it seemed. The men went out. The woman dropped on the floor beside the dead man. Her wide eyes were dry, tearless, but great sobs rent her body. After a little while she grew calm. She arose, stood for a moment looking down upon the quiet face, then turned and went out to the frightened children.

She went back to the room after the body had been placed in its rough coffin. Several of the mountain women offered to share her vigil, but she shook her head.

"I want to be alone with—him," she said, simply.

So they went away and left her.

The slow, heavy hours of the night wore on. The woman had been sleeping. Suddenly she awoke and sat up. The tall form of a man stood in the door leading from the yard. It was Jim Galt.

She arose, her eyes fixed upon him.

"Jim!" she murmured.

The man nodded. He came forward and stood beside the coffin, looking down upon the dead face. After a moment he mechanically lifted his hand and removed his hat. A quiver of emotion passed over his face.

The woman came and stood at the head of the coffin. She lifted her hand and touched with her finger the bullet hole in the dead man's forehead.

"One of the men what brought him home said that he got what he deserved," she said, dully.

Jim Galt's face darkened; he muttered an oath under his breath.

"We thought that John would git away with us in the confusion arter the shooting," he said, after a moment. "But that damned sheriff never lost his head for a moment, and he kept a tight grip on John."

Into the woman's mind flashed the words, "A life for a life." She tried to remember where she had heard them. Ah, yes, she remembered. Jasper Wynne, the preacher, had used the words once when he preached a sermon from the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." They were in the Bible.

She looked at Jim Galt and then at the dead man. In life the two faces had been very much alike, but death had blotted out the resemblance. The living man's hand was stained with the blood of a fellow-man, but they did not call what Jim Galt had done murder in the mountains.

"They war heah about sunset lookin' fo' you and Clem," she said.

Jim Galt put on his hat and glanced over his shoulder through the open door.

"I reckon it war risky fo' me and Clem to come heah," he declared. "We war in Thicket Ridge, and a party of searchers went by," he continued. "We heahed 'em talkin' about how John had been shot. I knowed I wouldn't have no show to make it arter tonight, so I came back to have a last look at John. Clem, he come along, too, but he stopped out thar at Verna's grave."

As he finished speaking, a pistol shot rang out sharply on the silence of the night. Jim Galt stiffened and his eyes narrowed. There was a hurried shuffling of feet in the room adjoining, and several mountaineers appeared in the door leading into the hall.

Jim Galt walked to the door leading out into the yard, looked out, then turned and addressed the mountaineers.

"I wonder if they've got Clem," he said.

"They've got Clem or he's got somebody," replied one of the mountaineers, grimly. "You'd better be makin' yo'se'f scarce, Jim; they'll be heah in a minute."

Jim Galt nodded, passed through the door, mounted his horse, which was tied to a tree, and rode off swiftly up the mountainside.

It was many weeks before the would-be murderer was at length run to earth.

* * * * * *

On the mountainside where in the spring and summer wild flowers bloomed in great profusion, they had made a grave for Verna Galt. It was surrounded by a picket fence painted white. At the head was a white stone on which was cut one word, "Verna."

The young mountaineer who had loved the girl, and at whose hand she had died, was a frequent visitor to that lonely mountain grave. The moonlight shone vividly on the headstone when he opened the little gate, after parting with Jim Galt, and stood beside the grave. He felt more at peace than he had since the girl's death. To his distorted mind the cold-blooded crime he had committed that day was but an avenging of the mountain girl's death.

He placed his rifle beside the fence, knelt beside the grave, and with a touch as gentle as a woman's arranged more symmetrically the wild honeysuckle running over the grave and twined about the white headstone. And as he knelt there, the bright moonlight on his uncovered head, a party of searchers came suddenly upon him.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the leader.

The young mountaineer started to his feet, swung around and reached for his rifle. A pistol shot rang out.

Clem Brown fell backward across the grave, shot through the heart.

The End.

* * *

Man's Fickleness.

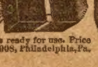
The late Guy Major, a former mayor of Toledo, had a knack of illustrating homely truths aptly.

At a Toledo banquet Mr. Major, desiring to point out that the people were fickle and often wearied of their political favorites, said:

"Alas, friends, many a young man who grumbles at sitting up half an hour with the baby would gladly have sat up all night with his wife before marriage."

* * *

A man seldom appreciates how much a woman appreciates a man's appreciation.



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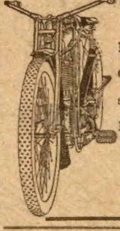

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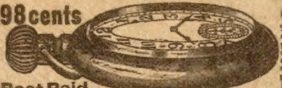

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Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

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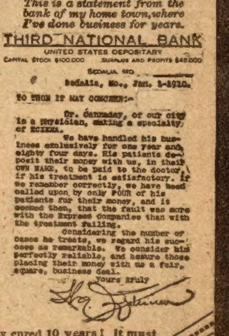

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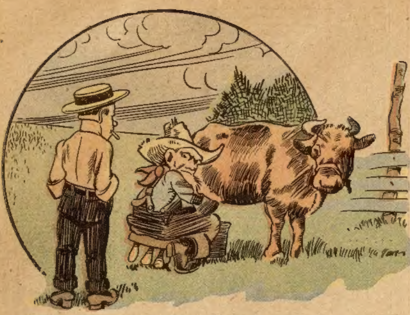


City Visitor—How much milk does a cow give?
Farmer Todd—None; you've got to take it.

Standard of Musical Value.

The Beater of the Bass-Drun—Unimpordent instrument? Himmel! Ven a violin maigs a misdaig, who knows? But ven de pig drum maigs a liddle misdaig eferybody knows.

Awaiting the Young Poet.

"Your boy is trying to write poetry, you say?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you discourage him?"

"The editors will soon do that."

She Could Tell.

An Irish woman once had twin boys who looked so much alike that people who knew the family often wondered how their parents told them apart.

After church one day the minister was admiring the boys, who were then 2 years old.

"But, sister," was his objection, "I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"Ay," answered the mother proudly, "thot's aisy. I just whip Mulligan, and if he cries, it's Hooligan."

Cost Less, Too.

Miss Tooter—Isn't it a dreadful sensation to run over a man?

Mr. Shuffer—Oh, I don't know. Not nearly as dreadful a sensation as running over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine as much, either.

A Courageous Man.

Hock—Jenkins is getting married again. Should I send him another wedding present?

Peck—Certainly! Would you let bravery go unrewarded?

She Believed Him.

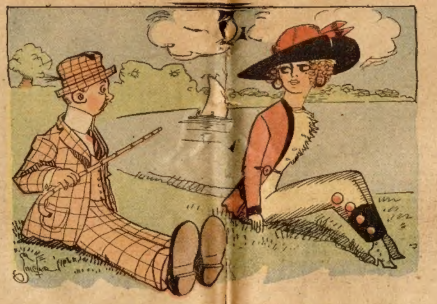
She—What has happened to Miss Murdock?

He—That affable young fellow told her she had a musical laugh and she went into hysterics over one of his stories.

Might Hire a Bouncer.

"Have you a fireless cooker."

"Yes; we're afraid to discharge her."



She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-read man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle?

He—I did, and if you want my opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there.

All Woman's Fault.

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be today were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall.

"I repeat," she said, "where would man be today if not for woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

Knew From Experience.

Hobbs—This being leap year, I suppose it is proper to say "She led him to the alter."

Dobbs—It's proper all the time. It is the bride who does the steering; the man generally has the blind staggers.

In Honor of the Day.

Student—What's the meaning of these flowers?

Landlady—Only a gentle reminder, sir. It's exactly a year today since you paid me your rent.

Recrimination.

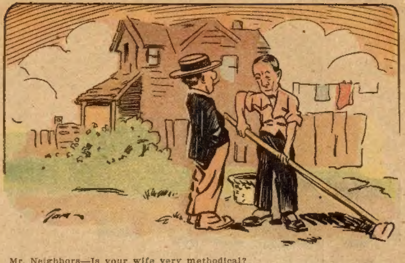
He—Madam, you promised to obey me. Do you do it?

She—Sir, you promised me your worldly goods. Do I get 'em?

The Quick Act Quickly.

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?"

"The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."



Mr. Neighbors—Is your wife very methodical?

Mr. Nextdoor—Very. She makes the rounds of the garden every night to see if there are any men under the flower beds.

Didn't Trust Him.

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings to her keeping.

"Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married?" said the mistress.

"So I is, missus; but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"

No Market.

"Time is money," quoted the Wise Guy.

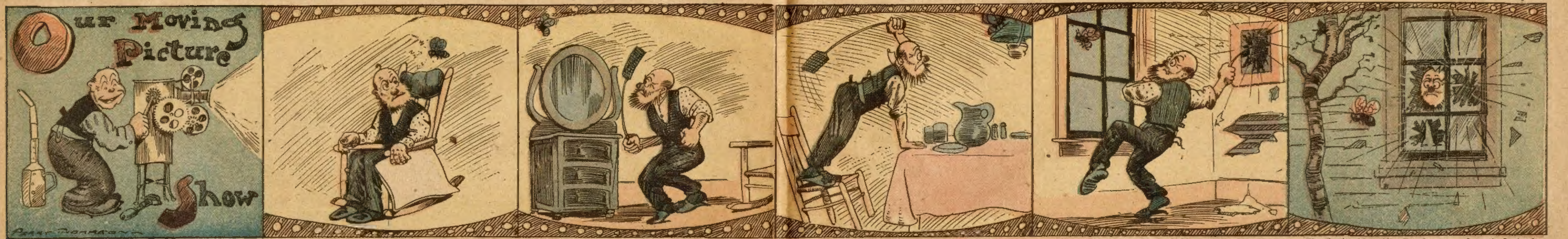
"Possibly," replied the Simple Mug, "but it isn't always an easy matter to effect the exchange."

Defined.

Knicker—What is a hand laundry?

Bocker—One that cuffs the collars and collars the cuffs.

BEGINNING TO SWAT FLIES.



Uncle Hiram (to himself)—There's that fly again! He will find that I am a hot member of the Fly Swatting Association!

"I'll kill him this time if it takes an arm! Oh, you disease breeder. I'll get you yet!"

"If I have to follow him onto the top of the house I'll get him! Darn him anyhow!"

"Take that, you pesky typhoid carrier! Oh, thunder, what have I done. Well, I swan, there he goes!"

The fly (to himself)—People are so funny! Instead of opening the window to let me out, that man smashes the window as if glass didn't cost anything!

Would Be Better.

Prison Missionary—Don't you think that after you regain your liberty you can do better?

Burglar—Well, I'll know enough not to have another pal that's so durn deaf he can't hear a p'liceman till he's right on us.

Detachable.

Miss Ann Teek—I'd like to go shopping with you this afternoon, but the dentist is to fix my teeth.

Miss Pert—Well, can't you shop with me while he's doing it?

Honk! Honk!

"I simply can't stand the toot of an automobile horn!"

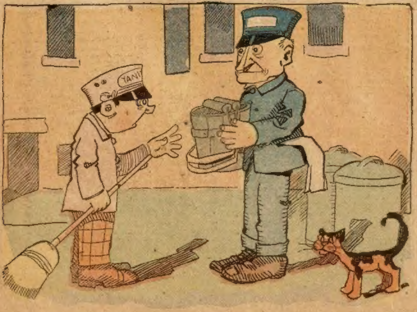
"How's that?"

"A fellow eloped with my wife in an automobile, and every time I hear a horn toot I think he's bringing her back."

Cute Little Animal.

"This," said the proud mamma, "is just the sweetest, brightest baby in the world, Mr. Batchellor."

"Really bright, eh?" stammered the embarrassed bachelor; "can he—er—she—that is, can it sit up and beg?"



Green Janitor—The people in my building gave me this loving cup.

Short Janitor—Loving cup! Why, man, that's one of those new style fancy scrub pails.

Truthful Boy.

"I would like to get off today, sir," said the office boy.

"What for?" asked the boss.

"My grandmother died last night, sir."

"But you told me that story before."

"Yes, sir; she dies every night, sir. She is playing Little Eva in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show, sir."

Work for Both.

Farmer—I see you're painting these old trees.

Artist—What's that got to do with you? Get on with your work.

Farmer—Well, since my work is to cut them down, you'd better get on with yours.

Suspicious.

First Boarder—What do you suppose those flannel cakes we had for breakfast were made of?

Second Ditto—I don't know; but did you notice we were shy on blankets last night?

An Indiscreet Friend.

"The baby likes to play with my hair."

"But you don't trust him with it when you are out, do you?" inquired her caller.

And thus a coolness arose between two women who had been lifelong friends.

Not What She Wanted.

"Why don't you marry him; he is the kind of a man that would always make an honest living?"

"I know that, but I want an auto and other luxuries."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Mrs Exe—It isn't right to charge Willie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me?

Mr. Exe—Because it wasn't all taken.

For His Friends.

"Why do you put so many matches in your pocket?"

"For my friends. They all carry electric cigar lighters."

Farmer Boy's Future.

"My boy Josh says he's goin' to town to make his fortune."

"Will he succeed?"

"He will if he takes my advice an' works up a route to sell butter an' eggs."

An Unusual Order.

"Johnnie, do you wish the stork would bring in something?"

"You bet I do!"

"A brother or a sister?"

"Neither; a ketcher's mitt."

First Law.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in Heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is Heaven's first law.

His Last Job.

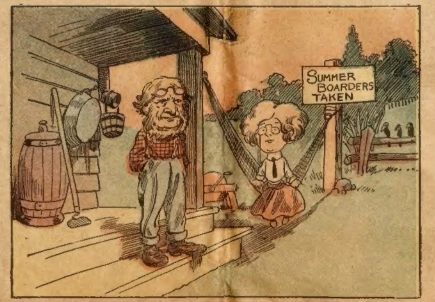
Hicks—I'm surprised that Nix should marry that homely old heiress after saying that marrying for money would be the last thing he'd do.

Wicks—Well, he hasn't done anything since.

To Show It Off.

Griggs—When my wife has somewhere to go she always wants a new dress.

Briggs—And when my wife has a new dress she always wants to go somewhere.



Boarder—I suppose you go to the city at least once a year?

Farmer—I used tew, but I ain't been thar fer several years neow. Sense we got rural free delivery I kin get bunkoed jist as well by mail, by heck!

The Proud Princess.

"No," said the haughty Bolla-Boola, daughter of the king of the Cannibal Islands, as she arrayed herself in her necklace of missionary's teeth and a nice fresh smile, "these dressmakers of London, Paris, and New York have nothing on me!" And with her eyes beaming with happiness she swept regally into the ballroom.

On the Other Foot.

A German lass stood at a steamship pier, weeping. "Why do you grieve, fraulein?"

"Because my lover has sailed, and I fear that before he returns some one else may propose to me and I may accept."

The Wee Sma' Hours.

He—I get to my work shortly after midnight.

She—Really! Doesn't it seem an interminable time till dawn?

He—Not at all; the hours are small, you know.

Won't Be In Till He's Out.

Caller—Is your husband in, Mrs. Maguire?

Mrs. Maguire—Yis, sor.

Caller—I'd like to see him.

Mrs. Maguire—Ye can't, sor. He's in for t'ree months.

The Wretch.

"I've spent all my money, my racehorse is lame, my wife has eloped with my jockey. What more can happen I wonder?"

"Your wife can come back."

His Favorite Play.

Dorothy (who quotes Shakespeare)—What is your favorite play?

Charles—Well, I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything.

Even So.

Even a watch may feel all run down in the spring.

At Last.

Householder (in pajamas)—By Jove, a real burglar! I say, just wait a minute, will you?

Burglar—While you call a copper? I don't think!

Householder—No, only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for twenty years, and it'll be a real pleasure to her to see you at last.

◆

Irate Father—I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!

Young Man—Not necessary, sir; I have just learnt.

No Pity Needed.

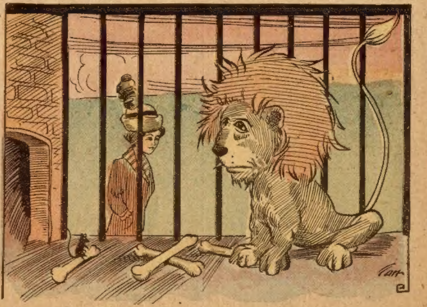
Pastor—I was so sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.

Doctor—Don't be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time.

The Novelist's Chief Trouble.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdly?"

"None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."



The Mouse—Any time I can be of service to you command me.

The Lion—What can a mite like you do for me?

The Mouse—For one thing, if women annoy you I can send 'em flying in a hurry.

FAT FOLKS SLIM

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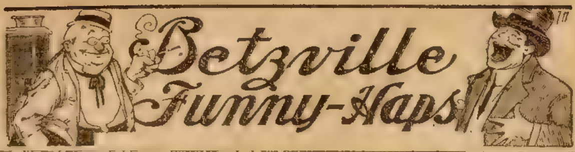


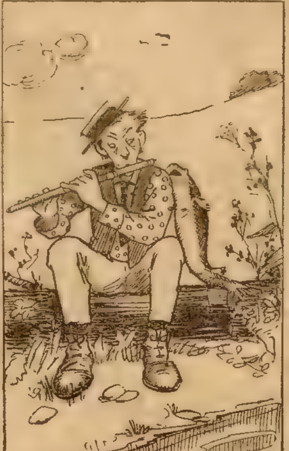
Phipps and the Carp

By Ellis Parker Butler

[Copyright by W. G. Chapman.]

THOSE who have seen Antipater Phipps on the streets of Betzville recently have noticed his sad mien and the eight-inch band of crepe around his hat, and nearly all have known his loss, but few know how deeply Antipater has suffered. About a year ago Antipater was learning to play the flute, and one evening he was sitting on his front steps with his legs crossed and fluting away for all he was worth, when he happened to glance down and saw a sight which surprised him. Just before him, on the walk, a fishworm, as we call them in Betzville, or an angleworm, as they are sometimes called when spoken of at one of Aunt Rhinocolura Betz's swell functions, was standing on its tail, swaying gently to the sweet strains of the flute, on which Antipater was playing "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Antipater had heard of snake charmers, but he had never known that a fishworm could be charmed in the same way, and he was so interested that he played on until the fishworm was so exhausted with its continued dancing that it fell panting at his feet. And even then, when Antipater went on with the music, the worm would hop onto its tail and wiggle a few weak wiggles until it absolutely couldn't wiggle any more. When Antipater did up his flute and started into the house the worm tried to hop up the steps after him, but it did not have enough resiliency, or spring, so Antipater had to lift it up the steps. When Antipater went to bed the worm curled itself up meekly on the floor and slept there very soundly, for it was quite worn out, it had danced so hard.



It would hop out and love up to Antipater.

The next day, as soon as Antipater awoke, he saw the worm, and all that day he played the flute to it; and so on into the night, but about three o'clock in the morning a committee of neighbors came in and told Antipater that if he did not stop fluting immediately and forever they would let him choose any one of eighteen telephone poles on which to be hung. They told him that if he was any one else they would not even allow him to choose the pole, but seeing that it was him, he could have his choice. So the day after that Antipater did not flute at all.

The fishworm hung around all that day in a coaxing attitude, just begging Antipater to start up "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," but Antipater did not dare. He repulsed the worm coldly and told it to scoot, as we might say. For a while the worm hung about, hoping against hope, and then Antipater saw a sigh pass from one end of it to the other, and it started in a straight line for the creek and crawled into the water. When Antipater saw what the worm was doing he made a dash for it, but he was too late; just as he reached the water a big German carp dashed up and swallowed the worm. Antipater wept with remorse. There was nothing much else that he could do, for when a carp swallows a worm, it is, as might be said, good-by worm.

But Antipater did what he could to make reparation. Every evening he would steal down to the bank of the creek to the spot where the worm had disappeared, and play "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" in sweet, sad tones. For the first two or three evenings nothing happened. It took that long for the carp to thoroughly digest the worm and assimilate it into its being, probably, but when the worm became really a part of the carp, the carp felt it. The third evening, as Antipater Phipps was playing his sad requiem the old carp stuck its head out of the water, and rolled its sad, large eyes, and the tears poured out of them. The next night the carp was still more overcome, and when Antipater began to play it wiggled out of the water and went up and sat on the log beside Antipater, and they wept in unison, until Antipater's tears ran down into the flute and made it gurgle like a juicy pipe.

Antipater did not know whether he loved the carp more because it was a soulful carp or because it was the last resting-place of the dancing worm—he only knew he loved it. Sometimes he looked upon the carp as a sort of finny graveyard in which the late worm reposed, and sometimes, as the poet says,

> "The carplet on the creeklet's brim
> A simple carplet was to him,"

but he loved the carp more and more as the days went by, and made it his constant companion. Of course there were difficulties. The carp could not stay out of the water long at a time. It would hop out and love up to Antipater until it got red in the face for lack of breath, and then it would hop into the creek again and breathe, and when it had breathed it would hop out again, and snuggled up to Antipater. Often it showed, by its actions, that it would like to follow Antipater home, but it knew better than to get far from the water, and when Antipater went it would flop a few yards with him and then wave him a farewell with its tail and flop back to the creek.

About three weeks ago Antipater and the carp were sitting on their log, gazing at the sunset while Antipater played the flute, when a black-and-white form burst from the bushes. It was a dog, and Antipater saw it was foaming at the mouth. It would have been an easy matter for the carp to have plunged into the creek, but when it saw the dog making for Antipater, the faithful creature sprang lightly between Antipater and the dog. By the time Antipater could seize a rock and kill the dog the faithful carp was severely bitten, but it made light of it and wagged its tail cheerfully.

Last Monday when Antipater went down to the creek with his flute he saw a sad sight. The carp, with glaring eyes and foaming mouth, was trying to flop as far as possible from the water, having the hydrophobic fear of it, and Antipater saw there was nothing he could do. If the carp was put into the water it would have a paroxysm and die, and if it stayed away from the water it would die for lack of breath. So Antipater drew out his flute and played "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," and the carp arose on its tail and danced one or two wiggles and dropped dead. That same afternoon Antipater Phipps took his flute to the plumber's and had the touch holes plugged up. He says he will never play again

"Aunt Rhinocolura and the Leg" will be the "funny-hap" in next week's Ledger. It is a screech. Read it.

* * *

The Office Boy.

Gerald Jones came here from Chicago. Consequently there are a number of things about New York which he compares with the same things in Chicago—much to the disadvantage of New York. One that chiefly irritates him is the office boy habit here, the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent writes. Gerald Jones enters the office of a friend of his. A small, cynical boy meets him at the mahogany rail. Mr. Jones declares that he wishes to see his old college pal, P. Norval Smith. The small boy demands a card, and hands him a blank form. "Write here what you want to see him about," says the small boy.

Mr. Jones protests. What he wants to see Smith about is something that he does not propose to confide to any small boy in the world—especially to a small boy toward whom he feels a sentiment perilously approaching hate. He waves his hand. He directs the small boy in a lordly way to take his name and be quick about it, and never mind the card. "Just say Jerry Jones is here," he says to the small boy. The small boy puts back the hunk of gum and sits down on his slippery little bench and indicates with an air of finality that there will be nothing doing until he gets the card he asked for and the full history of Mr Jones' recent past. If Mr. Jones gets in to see P. Norval Smith it is only by assenting to the terms made by the small boy. Therefore, Mr. Jones has had a fresh set of cards printed for use upon the office boys of his friends. The bear the most awe inspiring names—Jim Jeffries, for example, and James J. Corbett and Packey McFarland and Cut Throat Jenkins, the terror of the gulch. Mostly he prefers the names of fighters. He observes that the small New York boy is not well posted upon the life and crimes of Bloody Hand Ben, the scourge of the Sierras, but every one of them knows all about the men of the ring. "And tell that old fool Smith,' he bellows, in the character of Tom Sharkey, "that if he doesn't come out here I'll beat him to death."

Gerald Jones is perfectly happy. He knows how to circumvent the office boy.

* * *

The New Skirt.

Miss Elsie DeWolfe, "America's best-dressed woman," was talking about the draped skirts of the new spring fashions.

"I heard an Easter anecdote the other day about these new skirts," she said.

"A young wife, at the Marlborough-Blenheim at Atlantic City, appeared before her husband in a draped suit of cream-colored cloth, ready for the boardwalk's Easter parade.

"'How do I look, George?' she said.

"'Fine.'

"'But tell me, George, does my skirt hang even all round?'

"'Yes,' said George, after a close look. 'Yes, quite even.'

"'Oh, dear!' said she, 'then I'll have to go upstairs again. These new draped skirts, you know, don't hang right if they hang even.'"

* * *

The Retort.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson, at a dinner in Trenton, was praising the wit of one of the colored janitors of Princeton.

"One day near the winter's end," said the Governor, "a Frenchman nodded toward a grove of denuded trees and said to the janitor:

"'How black and dismal those trees look, Pomp—almost as black as yourself, eh?'

"'Yes, sir,' the janitor retorted, 'almost as black as me. But the spring'll soon be here, and then they'll be almost as green as you, sir.'"

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Auto Loan and Storage House, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

The Detective Barrier.

(Continued from page two.)

"Could the shot have come from the top of this rock?"

"Doctor Brown said the point of exit of the bullet was but the slightest shade lower than the place of entrance. That means the marksman was not so high up as the cliff-top."

"Then we have passed right over his standing-ground and failed to see his tracks."

"Ever trail a man who wore moccasins?"

"No."

"Nor I. Wonder what sort of a mark they leave on the ground?"

"Bare feet leave little."

"We will go right over this space again."

They did it, but as unsuccessfully as before. The constable's care in establishing his pickets had shut out invading foot-marks, so they found none of any sort.

"Our marksman was plainly built like a bird," remarked Netley.

"I am developing an idea," Barford replied. "I'll share it with you presently, but another matter goes first. We are told that nothing has been found to show where the bullet went after passing through Kendall's body. We would expect to find it embedded in a tree. We will look."

Half an hour was passed in this search, but without results. The bullet was not found.

"Wonder what our friend Thomson is doing?" muttered Netley.

"A timely question. I admit that I'm worrying the least bit over our esteemed rival. Thomson, like children, is the most dangerous when quiet. What's he still-hunting in the village? We'll try to discover, but I want you to see my former points."

With this Barford led his partner to the ledge from which somebody had fallen, and thence to the shanty. The former habitations of the wood-choppers stood in a dark, dismal group. Mere shacks, they had lost their freshness with the coming of age, and, though none had fallen in at roof or side, they sagged and presented gloomy exteriors.

"Bleak as tombs!" exclaimed Netley. "I feel that these things were mixed up with the deed. Ugliness walks on four or five legs, and could you find a better setting for dark work?"

"We will see. This is the one I want you to consider."

They entered. The light of day fell strongly, and the interior was plainly revealed.

"Here," Barford pursued, "is the bed of pine boughs. Observe that the branches are fresh. Smell them! Notice, too, that they are pressed down as if by human bodies. Somebody has lain here more than one night."

"Call it two, or, at the most, three. Little tracking has been done here. Bread crumbs on the earthen floor, and —what more?"

"Look your best, Netley. I've done so already. Now, it's up to you."

"Bad foundation for sign-reading," grumbled the assistant, as he went down on his knees. "Ground hard as flint, or something like it. Well, Barford I find two sets of footprints here. A man's and a boy's. Both wore coarse shoes, very broad for their length. Coarse shoes sure. Kendall's foot, though large, was better shod. A number nine and, for the boy,—say, how do boys' sizes run, anyhow? I left off being a kid long ago. I call that boy fifteen, for the feet of boys usually outgrow their owners like a race-horse. This boy——"

Netley paused, stared, meditated, and finally looked up, a queer expression on his shrewd face.

"Say, was he a boy?" he asked briskly. "When doing backwoods detective work I've seen women with shoes on just as coarse and stumpy as these. Boy! Blazes, two to one he was a woman! Eh?"

"Decide!"

"My guess is, woman. Did she have red hair?"

Neither point was fully settled when Barford called Netley outside.

"Now," he said, "I've shown you how the man who fell from the ledge went away from here. Start out and find his trail as he came."

Netley began. He did not strike the trail at first, but he circled around here and there, trying zealously. It was ten minutes later when he paused and flung his head back.

"Can't find it!" he declared.

"There you have it, my good sir. This ground is favorable, and we easily find his going, but his coming evades us. Odd, isn't it? Netley, he came in his stocking feet!"

"Sure?"

"I am. It baffled me for a while, but I got it. Bit of stocking fabric on a sharp stick settled it in my mind. Yes, he sneaked up soft-footed, shod so as to make as little noise as possible. Undoubtedly, he expected to see somebody in the shack, or to hear somebody. Baffled, he resumed his shoes and ran to the ledge. At that place his tracks again ceased. Natural theory, he resumed his stockinged feet game."

"That man was born for the presidential chair or the gallows."

Barford started to speak, but Netley had an idea, and, wheeling, seized his chief by the arm.

"Say," he added eagerly, "we could not find footprints for the man who lurked in ambush and shot Kendall. Was that the man in his stocking feet?"

"You are warm, Netley, very warm. That's the theory I mentioned. I lack the connecting links, but the similarity of certain things in impressive. Pity that watch delivered by Levi could not speak and explain just where its owner was last night."

"I wouldn't listen to it if it did. A man who goes galloping around in feet pretty near bare in that style is too good a sportsman to be peached on by dumb things. I admire him, though I feel worried about his feet. Poor things! Tender plants out in the cold world."

"Enough for now. Noon is here, so we will go to the hotel for lunch. After that, Netley, perhaps we will call upon Harden Kendall's housekeeper. Ladies of that occupation are dead sure to know things, and the brief look I had at her when we saw her in Kendall's doorway stamps her in my mind as a woman capable of ideas and action, two things that, combined, sometimes turn the world upside down. If she couldn't get her employer's secrets from his mouth, it may be that the keyhole——"

"Hush!"

Netley grasped his companion's arm and pulled him violently back into the cover of convenient bushes.

"Rest your tongue and set your eyes to work!" he crisply added.

"Oho!" murmured Barford. "A lady is coming, and it isn't Miss Docia Lettington. She is in some haste, and yet she slips along like a wary fox. Wonder what her mental perplexity is?"

"Stealth means guilt, big or little, and——"

"Netley, that's Kendall's housekeeper!"

"Right you are! Why is she scudding through the woods?"

"Wait!"

They did wait, and Miss Belden, pursuing a direct course toward the shack they had lately left, presently disappeared through its door.

"That shanty reeks with mystery!" quoth Netley. "Now, I wonder what magnet has drawn her——"

"Look again! Somebody has dogged her steps."

"Thomson, by Jupiter! Our esteemed detective-rival has his eyes propped wide open. Doing his little turn like a cunning weasel, and that lady is his lure! Say, what does she want in there?"

The mystery loomed large.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

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Future Millionaire.

Assemblyman Brennan, author of the Brennan cold storage law, was talking in Albany about a dealer who objected to the labeling of cold storage products. "This man's objection to the words 'cold storage' on cold storage goods," said Mr. Brennan, "recalls vividly to my mind an Ithaca boy.

"The boy had gone in for chicken raising and had done well. He possessed an egg-date stamp. You could always tell when you bought an egg from him, whether it would be best to eat it soft boiled or to use it as a political missile.

"But the football season came on, eggs got high and scarce and the boy began to waver in his virtue.

"And one day, while he was still wavering, he found under a hedge a whole nestful of eggs. He took them home and showed them to his mother. 'I don't know what to date them,' he said doubtfully.

"'Well, break one,' said his mother. 'That will give you some idea of their date.'

"So the boy broke one of the eggs and the odor did the rest.

"'Let's see,' said his mother. 'This is November 10. Date them Nov. 10, 1910.'

"But the boy, as he got out his egg-date machine, answered:

"'No; they might have been laid in 1909, or even in 1908. I'll just date them Nov. 10, without the year. Then I'll be misleading nobody.'"

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If a man has never been fooled by a woman it's because he isn't worth the effort.

Lawyers would probably starve to death if the fool killer wasn't so far behind with his work.

All silver dollars are the same size, but the farther you get away from one the bigger it looks.

Nine women out of ten understand their husbands, but no man out of ten understands his wife.

A woman always has some cause for being dissatisfied. If it isn't her hat it may be her husband.

A woman seldom hears the truth except from her husband—and she isn't always sure of it then.

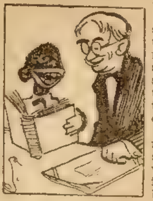
Many a married man thinks he is his own boss because he can smoke all over the house when his wife is away.

The young man who marries an heiress may not have to wait fifty years in order to celebrate his golden wedding.

During the engagement she hopes to make him a good wife; after marriage she hopes he will make her a good husband.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

The Public Taste.



Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, was talking in New York about the theater.

"The theater," he said, "is conventional. It isn't the new things that succeed best on the stage. It's the old things—the old things in a new dress.

"He who would make a commercial success of playwriting should keep in mind the little boy who went day after day to a public library and always asked for the same book.

"With this book he would seat himself at a table, and there he would remain for several hours, laughing and chuckling as if to burst his sides.

"The librarian, having noticed that he never turned a page, tiptoed up to him one day and looked over his shoulder. His delighted eyes were glued on a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field.

"A board creaked, the little fellow looked up, and, seeing the librarian bending over him, he touched the picture and said with a gleeful chuckle:

"'Golly! boss, he hain't kotched him yet!'"

* * *

Looked Like a Cow.

They're telling a new story on a Washington restaurateur and his great Dane dog. Recently, it seems, the man visited New York and took one of his prize pups with him. It was a bay-colored one.

He reached the hotel, and, climbing out of the cab, wandered up to the hotel register.

"I have a dog outside," said he to the clerk, "and I'd like you to take care of him."

The clerk, an affable soul, called to James and told him to go out and carry the dog inside.

James went outside. There was a long wait. The Colonel became fidgety; the clerk more so. Finally James returned, baffled and helpless.

"Boss," said he, "Ah couldn't fin' no dawg out in dat cab. They's a cow, though, and effen you-all want hit carried in Ah'll git a truck."

* * *

They Knew Him.

A Wheeling, W. Va., lawyer says that he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but that the quaintest of these was that brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:

"The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wan't there; but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

* * *

A Man's Own Horn.

"I should think some of these speechmakers would get tired of hearing themselves," said the proprietor of the village store.

"Human nature's the same in politics as it is anywhere else," replied old Joe Struthers. "A man don't mind listenin' to the worst noise a cornet can make, provided he's the feller that's doin' the practicin'."

* * *

A Real Opportunity.

Many readers have things lying about the place that they don't want. It is highly probable that somebody else is looking for just this thing. If you have anything saleable, why not sell it? Write the Ledger Want Ad Department, telling what you have. You will receive a copy of an ad, telling what you have to sell in the fewest possible words. With it will be the exact cost. If you wish to advertise then, send the copy back with the amount stated. If not, it has cost you nothing. You can't lose. If you advertise in the Blade and Ledger you talk to 5,000,000 people all over the United States. Doesn't it look pretty good to you?

They Showed.

A good old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes-horse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen "Well, tell her I called, and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."

* * *

At the Party.

It was the polite Frenchman's first visit to a party in England, and he was very anxious to do the right thing, so when the hostess advanced to welcome him he gallantly saluted the astonished lady with a hearty kiss. Unfortunately her husband had been a witness of the occurrence.

"How dare you, sir, take the liberty of kissing my wife? And before me, too!" was his indignant exclamation.

"One thousand pardons," exclaimed the polite foreigner. "I do not know your English customs. Next time I kees you first!"

* * *

In his own case every man looks upon cowardice as discretion.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN and Women having large acquaintance wanted to give part or all time to successful enterprise operated on new lines. Large immediate remuneration. Fascinating, profitable, permanent and honorable business quickly learned. No investment required. "Advertiser" Suite 1011, 200 Fifth Ave., New York.

SOL-VO-LAC cleans kid gloves, straw hats, colthing, silverware; removes ink and paint spots. 50 cents prepaid in U. S. Liberal discount to Agents. Merrill Chemical Works, 145 Tenth St., Toledo, Ohio.

BIG profits in Fluff, solid shampoo, and Toilet Goods. Every woman buys and repeats. Commissions on re-orders. Sample free. Itsco, 1949 Orchard, Chicago.

MAKE Photos Cheap. Free camera, supplies, developing catalogs. Rex Bromide Co., Lincoln Park Station, Chicago.

AGENTS—$35 a week for two hours work a day, selling wonderful household necessity, new selling plan with free advertising does it. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 72, Amsterdam, N. Y.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SCRUB Brush, Floor Mop, Self Wringer, all in one. Three pounds; ten sales a day common. Tried and proven. Hilker Mop Co., 1237 Grand Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS—Big Money Distributing Free Packages Borax-ee Soap Powder. B. W. Ward & Co., 1770 Berteau, Chicago.

AGENTS make $30.00 weekly selling our 500 Handy Household Articles; catalogue free. Scheff Co., 1136 Wells St., Chicago.

STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo., Big Idea in tree selling. Best terms known to nursery world. Box 80.

POCKET Key Tag (German Silver) marked with your name and address 15 cents. Key ring included. Agents wanted. Outfits, Blank Tags, Key Rings, Dies, etc. Pease, Die Maker, Dept. C., Winchester, N. H.

$2.50 per day paid man or woman. In each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 443 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

MEN and women make big money selling our Summer Specialties. Doud Lighting Co., 156 N. Sangamon St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

ONE Free Tuition Student Each County. Mail Courses, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Books, etc., only expense. Write quick. Southern Correspondence Institute, 9159, New Orleans.

LIVE Agents are making $3.60 to $7.20 daily. Krotanna Kloth removes rust and polishes all metals. May be washed and used indefinitely. Sells on sight. Send 10c for agent's proposition and territory. Ware-Forbes-Co., 6 West Broadway, N. Y. City.

IF INTERESTED in making more money, send me your name. G. A. Ogle, Hobart, Okla.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

MEN to prepare for firemen, brakemen, baggagemen; $80-$100 monthly, positions anywhere; no strike; state age, height and weight. Railway Bureau 686 E. St. Louis, Ill.

WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Mail Clerks, Carriers, Clerks in Treasury, Agriculture, Patent Office and other departments in Washington. Excellent salaries. Examinations everywhere. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't B 31, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED: Young man between 18 and 35 for position as salesman. Must be neat, energetic; not afraid of work; with confidence in himself; nerve and an ambition to make himself successful. Experience not needed because each new man is immediately taught the science of selling and our sytsem. This work is interesting, instructive, and very profitable. Position permanent; income what you make it. References required. Address Wm. E. Duff & Company, Suite 323, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

FARMS

1000 acres choice Michigan land for sale Partly improved. Will sell all or part. Railroad, telephone, rural delivery, artesian wells on property. For particulars write Warren Britt, Tonawanda, N. Y.

DELAWARE Farms. Money making farms throughout the entire State, $15 an acre up; live stock, implements and crops often included. We offer best bargains, and pay buyer's railroad fare. Catalog free. Ford & Reis, Inc., Dept. 96, Wilmington, Del.

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

FREE, 300,000 acres, Government Homesteads, Beautiful White River. Particulars, Plats 25c, Riverside Colonae, Branson, Mo

TO FINISH my home must sell my ten acres Florida Everglades, only $35 acre. H. M. Davis, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

MISCELLANEOUS

LADIES' All Wool Skirts made of good quality serge, to your own measure for $2.98. Send for free catalog and samples. Mildred Skirt Co., Dept. L, 200 E. 87th St., New York City.

GENTLEMEN like our Photographs, Books, Sanitary Goods. 16 samples 20c. Ord, Long Beach, Calif

DANDY Books. Catalog for 2c stamp. Duff Co., B 2713 Mozart St., Chicago

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

MUSICAL

WELL-KNOWN Composer Wants Song-Poems, at once. Chance for successful writers to make a fortune! All poems not available will be returned promptly. The Len Fleming Co., Suite 504 Gaiety Theater Bldg., New York City.

HEALTH AND MEDICAL

DRINK HABIT—Guaranteed home treatment —three days—lifelong result. The only reliable. Book mailed free. Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, M 856, New York, N. Y.

POST CARDS

ADVANCE Socially—Our Mail Way tells us how to exchange good motto and message cards (that really say something "worth while") among either ladies or gentlemen everywhere. It's big, world-wide, strong and reliable. Registers new members now for a year for 25c. We start you right. Fascinating, absorbing, profitable, results assured. All fun lovers and optimists send to Advanced Correspondence Exchange, B 714 Pitcairn, Pa.

PERSONAL

FREE Reading by trance medium. Send date of birth—dime. Dr. Eagle, Saginaw, Michigan.

FREE Life Reading by Planets. Send birthdate. L. Zandt, Box 865, Portland, Maine.

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGE Paper, giving names, addresses and descriptions of 100 ladies, 10 cents. H. Strey, Plano, Illinois.

MARRY—Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen will marry, many rich, highest characters, selected descriptions, names and addresses. Send 10c. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 24, Sedalia, Mo.

MARRIAGE paper free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY. Book of Descriptions and Photos mailed sealed FREE. The Exchange, Box 525 A., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Many rich, congenial and anxious for companions. Interesting particulars and photo Free. The Messenger, Sta. D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE paper; highest character; incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Send dime and birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ill

HYPNOTISM, Big Book Free. Write, Adams Pub. Co., Saginaw, Mich.

LOVINE never fails. Every package guaranteed. Either sex 10c. Two packages sealed 20c. Union, Box 100N, Palatine, Illinois.

MARRY: Catalogue with photos and descriptions Free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Mich.

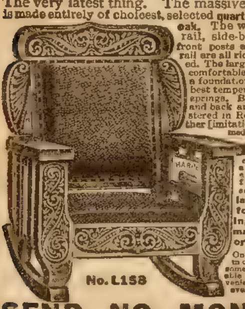
FREE Horoscope—Have yours accurately cast by Madame Maude, famous in England where she foretold events for many notable people. Send 10c with date of birth for trial reading. Madame Maude, 51.5 Cornell Ave., Chicago.

MARRY, thousands wealthy, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free. Continental, 268 Market, San Francisco, Calif.

Solid Oak Rocker

With Magazine Arm Racks

The very latest thing. The massive frame is made entirely of choicest, selected quarter-sawed oak. The wide top-rail, side-brackets, front posts and lower rail are all richly carved. The large, roomy, comfortable seat has a foundation of the best tempered steel springs. Both seat and back are upholstered in Royal Leather [imitation], trimmed with gimp



Under each arm and easily accessible from the seat is a large rack for holding books, magazines or papers. One of the most handsome, comfortable and convenient chairs ever made.

No. L158

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send us one penny for this chair. We will gladly ship it right to your home for ten days' free examination —absolutely at our own risk. All we ask is that you take the the chair promptly from the transportation company, paying only net transportation charges. Put the chair in your own parlor or living-room and use it for ten days just as though it were your own. Then, if for any reason whatever you decide that you do not want to keep the chair for your own, simply send it right back to us AT OUR EXPENSE. We will refund you the amount you paid for freight besides. If you do decide to keep the chair after the 10 days' free examination, simply send us only 75c; then 50c a month for 10 months. Only $5.75 for this great bargain, *you get the net factory price—for cash or on time.*

Why We Make You This Offer

We realize that there is an immense amount of cheap, worthless furniture being sold by mail at exorbitant prices. And we know that there is just one sure way of convincing you of the really remarkable values which we are offering, and that is by letting you see and examine the goods themselves at our risk *before you even decide to buy.*

Homemaker's Book Free Our handsome 208-page Homemaker's Book is just packed from cover to cover with thousands of smashing bargains just like we have described above, all offered to you on the same generous open-handed plan; explains how you can now furnish your home just as you have always wanted to. No obligations whatever. Send for the great big Homemaker's Book right now.

L. FISH FURNITURE CO.
EST 1858 (14)
Dept. 5055 CHICAGO, ILL.

2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey

$2.87 $2.87

Less Than Wholesale Price

This Special Offer must call for 2 gallons at $2.87 or one gallon Trial Offer $1.64.

2 FULL GALS. FINE HIGH GRADE $5.00 STRAIGHT WHISKEY $2.87

Full 128 Ounces—the 2 Gallons Contain Full 256 Ounces.

Send us $2.87 and we will at once send you 2 Full Gallons fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. Try it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. This is an unheard-of low price. Under our special offer you can buy two gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:

5 Gallon Keg,	$7.15
10 Gallon Keg,	13.41
25 Gallon Half Bbl.,	33.10
50 Gallon Barrel,	64.30

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We are headquarters for Watches, Jewelry, Razors Novelties and Premium Goods, for Auctioneers, Traders or Street men. CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

$4.95 VERY THIN MODEL GOLD FILLED

Stem Wind & Stem Set

You Should Send For This Special Sample Bargain. Ladies' O size, or Gents' 14 size. Thin model open face, gold filled, plain polished or engine turned, screw back and bezel case, stamped inside (Guaranteed 20 Years), fitted with 7 ruby jeweled, patent lever movement, white enamel or gold finished dial. Sent registered mail postage paid upon receipt of $4.95. Address

Joseph Hagn & Co. WHOLESALE JEWELERS Dep. B, 40 North 5th Ave. Chicago, Ill.

BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curve today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan out the batters. Price 25c, with directions for throwing all curves.

CURVER COMPANY, Box 126, Brady, Nebraska

TOBACCO, LIQUOR or MORPHINE Habits Easily CURED. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure any case in from ten to thirty days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent sealed FREE. The Ohio Chemical Works, Box 514 Swanton, Ohio.

PHOTOS, Books and Den Pictures. 59 photos 10c. Cat. Free. Bond Pub. Co., B 3, Columbus, Ohio

SONG-POEMS wanted. Cash or royalty to you. Needham Music House, 44-5 St. Louis, Mo.

The Second Son's Plot.

(Continued from page six.)

Arthur's face grew crimson.

"If you think I would be afraid to denounce you, then you are, as usual, mistaken. I would denounce you if need be, and take the results," was his reply.

CHAPTER XX.

It was September, and the rich glow of a September sunset was over everything. The machinery in the great mills had ceased to groan and throb. The tall smokestacks rose like black specters against the evening sky. Great towering piles of lumber caught the last gleams of the setting sun. The air was laden with the healthful aroma of the pine

Arthur Fanshaw was standing among the lumber piles, his pale, thin face looking haggard and miserable.

At the other end of the yard down by the woolen mills, old Josiah Fraser was going his rounds as nightwatch. His hair had grown whiter than when we saw him last, and a look of mute despair, of hopeless resignation, had settled over his kindly old face.

Arthur Fanshaw watched him going his weary rounds, and his face softened ever so little, and his eyes grew less hard and cold

"Poor old chap! It was hard on him," he murmured to himself, and sighed

Arthur Fanshaw was beginning to find out that the way of the transgressor is hard

Instinctively his eyes sought the little whitewashed cottage on the hillside, and his thoughts turned to Hope Fraser. Where was she now? For the sake of her child her lips had been sealed. His terrible secret had been safe with her How innocent she had been to believe he could separate her from the child should she reveal his guilt! A year had elapsed since she and the child had disappeared from Mrs. Heriot's. Was she living or was she dead? And again a sigh escaped him

The light in the cottage on the hillside seemed to fascinate him. Why was there a light in the old nightwatch's cottage at this time? Josiah Fraser was on duty tonight Who was at the cottage Six months after Hope had disappeared the old nightwatch's wife had been laid to rest in the village churchyard

A shadow kept passing and repassing the window. Some one was pacing back and forth within. The mysterious shadow on the window shade had a terrible fascination for him. Unconsciously he moved toward it.

A cold hand seemed to clutch his heart. It was not fear, nor yet remorse, but the fascination of terrible uncertainty that drew him hither

As in a dream he traversed the path that led through the fields to the nightwatch's cottage. At the gate he paused The shadow still came and went on the shade but it was more distinct now. He clutched the gatepost for a moment The shadow passed again. It was the shadow of a woman, and in her arms she held something pressed close to her breast.

He crept around to the back of the cottage. The window shade on that side had not been lowered. Advancing cautiously to the window he peered in. He trembled and leaned against the wall. He had seen what he had expected to see, yet the sight was a shock to him.

Hope Fraser was pacing the floor of her father's humble dwelling, her child pressed close to her breast. Every once and a while she would pause and gaze anxiously at the little wan face lying against her heart

A feeble infant cry reached his ears Hope had sat down in a little wooden rocker, quite close to the window. The child still continued to fret and cry at intervals. The child-mother laid her cheek against the little pinched one of her darling, and soothed it to sleep. One little hand hung limply by its side; she took it in hers and kissed it passionately. The tears streamed down her pale, anguished face, and fell upon the little head. Tenderly she wiped them away

"Oh, Artie, I am afraid you are going to leave me!" she murmured aloud. "But oh! my darling, I am selfish. I want to keep you with me so much. You and dad are all I have now, and you are going to leave me, and dad is old and will soon leave me, too." For a moment sobs choked her voice. "But God loves you better than even I do, Artie darling He would spare you a life of suffering and humiliation, spare you the knowledge of your birth, of your mother's shame. The sins of the parents will be visited upon the children. But God will not visit my sin upon you, darling. God in His mercy and goodness will welcome your innocent little soul, my baby, sinless and pure! God pity the children born out of wedlock, for their little spotless souls are weighed down with shame, a heritage of disgrace from sinful parents"

The young mother's elbow rested on her knee, her head sank upon her hand. She sat and gazed at the little sick child, and bitter thoughts coursed through her mind. Her child was going to leave her—of that she felt sure. No one had told her that the child would die, but in her heart she knew it would. She had thought it all over a dozen times, and was trying hard to be resigned. In sin she had brought the little child into the world, and to punish her for that sin God would take it away. The little one was left with her long enough for her to learn to love it intensely. To love the little hands, the little feet, and to see her own soul reflected in the eyes that were so like another's. The tendrils of her heart had twined about the little life, until it had become part of her very being.

"The sins of the parents" kept ringing in Arthur Fanshaw's ears as he crouched by the cottage window. "The parents" included him; his sin would be visited upon the little helpless infant in the girl's arms

The words stung him to frenzy. The injustice of the thing maddened him. Why should that little morsel of humanity suffer for his misdeed—why? Because it was the law of Cod. We poor mortals cannot understand why God in His infinite mercy and goodness should lay such a seemingly unjust law upon His children.

"The sins of the parents" rang incessantly in his ears. The words seemed burned upon his heart in letters of fire. It was written in the clear starlit sky, on every bush and tree. A night bird in a tree near by sang it. A frog croaked it. The crickets chirped it

Arthur Fanshaw could stand the torture of the thing no longer. He got up and staggered down the path. A little further on he almost ran into a lonely pedestrian. With an exclamation of surprise, he pulled himself together and glanced after the retreating figure. It was a woman, and there was something familiar in her walk. The moon had not yet risen, and he could not get a clear view of her face. Then it dawned upon him that it was Grace Fanshaw, his brother's wife.

For a moment he stood still, and something of the old stern look returned to his face

What was his brother's wife doing there? He followed her, keeping carefully in the shadow until he saw her enter the old night-watch's cottage. What was Grace doing there? She and Hope should not meet, but then, what did it matter? Let the girl reveal his secret if she chose, and he turned back down the path

For hours Arthur Fanshaw wandered aimlessly through the mill grounds. "The sins of the parents" haunted him. He strove vainly to drive Hope and her child from his memory. The feeble cry of the infant and the anguished voice of the young mother kept ringing in his ears

Day dawned, and he was still in the mill yards. One or two early laborers came into the yard. Their looks of astonishment at finding him there brought him to a realization of his present surroundings.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Spoiling the Game.

The cottage of Miss Delia Judlin was separated from that of her next neighbors, the Ashleys, by the slenderest possible strip of space, and as the houses had each a window exactly opposite one another, it was an easy matter for sounds to travel back and forth. Miss Delia, being of a sociable nature and always mindful of the affairs of others, found it a great pleasure to sit with her sewing beside her window, just back of her muslin curtain, thus, with comfort and content, gleaning many interesting items relating to the private lives of her neighbors—which she afterward disseminated about the village with friendly generosity.

One summer day, during a family discussion among the Ashleys of an unusually interesting nature, as Miss Delia sat intently listening, her needle held motionless in air, she was pained to hear one of the Ashley girls observe suddenly, "Take care what you say, ma; you're close to the window. Miss Delia can hear every word, and she'll be spreading it all over the neighborhood before night."

With panting breath and flushed cheek, in an impulsive burst of outraged feeling, Miss Delia swept her curtain aside and called out indignantly, "Lucinda Ashley, I can't hear a thing you say from this window—not a pottered word, and you ought to know it!"

Wearing a smile, Lucinda's face appeared at her own window

"Why, Miss Delia," said she, "of course you can't. Whatever made you think we thought you could?"

"I—I—thought mebby—" floundered Miss Delia, "you seen me here and—and ——"

"Oh, no," smiled Lucinda, withdrawing, "not at all."

"Huh!" Miss Delia rose and closed her window with a loud bang. "Does do some folks a heap of good to interfere with other people's innocent amusements!"

* * *

Strike a man for $10 if you want to borrow $5.

Montgomery Ward & Co's
PRICE LIST No. 33
MAY AND JUNE BASKET OF GROCERY BARGAINS AND OTHER SURPRISES
SALE

THIS FREE BOOK CUTS DOWN YOUR GROCERY BILL 20 %

Can you afford to be without it? Can you afford to spend 10 dollars when you can get more and better groceries for 8 dollars—or can you afford to spend 15 instead of 12 dollars, 25 instead of 20 dollars, 50 instead of 40 dollars? Can you afford to do this when you might be saving from 2 to 10 dollars?

You know that you can not—but that is exactly what you are doing if you pay three or four profits to small dealers.

This book represents the World's Largest Retail Grocery Store. It gives money-saving quotations on the very finest food products of all kinds. It shows you new and better food supplies. Besides, it has several pages of wonderful bargains on a variety of merchandise.

It is issued every two months. In every issue you find new and novel grocery items, a new list of special bargains,—all the necessary staple groceries—at the lowest price,—at prices that mean at least a saving of one-fifth to you.

Will you use this little coupon and send for this book at once? Send us your name and we will put you on our mailing list to receive this value-giving grocery list every two months.

Clip this coupon, sign it, mail it at once!!

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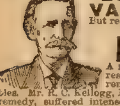

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MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE;

Or, TWO BOYS IN MEXICO

By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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CHAPTER VII.

THE TREASURE HOUSE.

THERE seemed indeed but little hope for our young soldiers when they found themselves in the dungeon into which they had been thrust after their capture by the mob under the insensate direction of Tecuza, the guardian of Cholula.

Deliverance, however, was much nearer than they expected, for a few hours later the door was opened and a voice called to them to come forward. They hastened at once to obey, and in a little while were looking into the joyous face of Judith, who refused with a smile to inform them how she had brought about their release.

"The Americans have entered the city," said the girl. "Chapultepec has fallen, and Santa Anna is in full retreat. The battle is not over, however, for the soldiers are fighting from house to house, and the Mexicans are resisting to the last. They have released all the convicts, and it is now a battle from house to house."

"Then," cried Dick, "we must join our command and lend our assistance."

Hastily bidding Judith good-by, they sought out General Worth's command and reported.

"I am glad to see you," said Worth, extending his hand. "I feared that you had fallen into the hands of the enemy and had been executed as spies."

The boys looked at each other in silence and hurried off to join Captain Donovan, who, after greeting them, assigned them to a column which was battling manfully in the streets.

The Mexican desperadoes were doing everything in their power to stay the advance of the Americans, but the gallant bluecoats were pushing along, storming the buildings from which fusillades were being fired at them by the concealed foe. Dick and Bernard were soon hotly engaged in this work.

Several muskets were fired at them from a two-story structure, and the next moment they rushed the door and at the head of some volunteers were inside. Finding themselves in a warm place, the enemy fled and made their escape.

Up the creaking stairway dashed the boys entirely alone. They found themselves in a low-ceiled room which was almost dark. Something rose from a pallet of straw in one corner, and Dick sprang forward. An old man with a dark face looked up at him.

"Mercy! mercy, senors!" he groaned, putting up his weaponless hands. "I am Pablo Menendez. If you save me, I will show you the greatest treasure in the world."

The answer was a stare.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the old man again.

"Mercy you shall have. We are not murderers," replied Bernard.

The old man slowly rose to his feet and trembled.

"I shall keep my word," he said. "I will show you the treasure of Montezuma."

By this time the sounds of battle had receded, showing that the Americans had driven the Mexicans from the houses and were in possession of the plaza.

"I have been hunted by Tecuza," resumed Menendez. "She knows that I possess the great secret. Come, I will show you, senors."

Day was beginning to dawn when he led the young adventurers from the house.

"I fear yet to meet that hag," said the old man, with a cautious glance in every direction. "She is the embodiment of evil. You haven't seen her, little senors?"

"We have felt her talons," answered Dick, with a grim smile.

"Eh? She has marked you, then?"

"We have been twice in her clutches."

"And live to tell it," and the old man's eyes filled with wonderment.

"You can see for yourself."

Menendez nodded and proceeded down a dark street in which lay the bodies of half a dozen Mexican guerrilleros. Suddenly he turned upon the boys with a leer in his deep-set eyes.

"Do you really want to find the Aztec's treasure?" he asked.

"Why not? We heard about it before we left the United States, and of course we wish to possess it."

"You may fall into more danger."

"Nothing in this land is to be obtained without danger," Bernard smiled.

There was no response to his words, and at length the old Mexican paused on a certain spot and then went cautiously forward. They had reached the edge of the plaza where the great palace of Montezuma had stood and tempted the cupidity of Cortez.

He stooped and began to lift several flat stones and at last looked up triumphantly.

"See, senors," cried he. "The secret way to the vaults of Montezuma."

The boys could hardly suppress the cry that rose to their lips.

A dark cavernous-like passage seemed to lead into the bowels of the earth, and they drew back with a look of suspicion. The old man solemnly crossed himself and pointed into the tunnel.

"If you deceive us," said Dick, sternly, "your life won't be worth the snuffing of a candle."

Menendez drew his figure to its true height, and his eyes seemed to flash.

"If the young senors cannot trust Menendez, let them go back," he exclaimed.

"No, we will trust you and go forward."

They followed the old man into the tunnel and crept at his heels with cocked pistols.

"If he betrays us," whispered Dick, "do not hesitate to pay him for his villainy."

"I shall not hesitate a moment, Dick," was the reply. "There will be a dead Mexican here if he dare betray us."

The passage seemed endless, but at length they reached the end of it. Dick placed his weapon against Menendez's head and commanded him to go on.

"It is the door, senors," he whispered back. "I am old and feeble, you have strong limbs."

The boys understood and essayed to move the door, which seemed made of iron like the one they had found in the Cholulan pyramid. It was resisting, and though they tugged at it with all their strength, they could not move it.

"It must have been closed centuries ago," said Dick, drawing back. "Is there no key?"

A hollow laugh emanated from the old man.

"Think you that Montezuma would leave the way to his treasure house open for the Spaniards?" he chuckled.

"No, but——"

"You must try again, senors, both of you," was the interruption.

Once more the boys set their united strength against the door, and at last it moved. Menendez came to their assistance, and finally the portal yielded. Dick now lit a taper which he had brought with him and sent its light forward. A room of some dimensions greeted them.

There seemed no entrance except the one which they had used, but old Menendez made his way around the smooth wall, feeling everywhere. All at once he stopped and turned with a white face toward the boys.

"What is it?" asked Dick.

Before the old man could reply, a strange noise seemed to penetrate the wall and all drew back. The sound ceased as suddenly as it had broken the silence, and the young soldiers looked at the old man for an explanation. He shook his head dolefully.

"Senors," said he. "I dare not go further. The great treasure is yonder."

"But you said you would show it to us," persisted Dick.

Old Menendez crouched on the stone flags and quivered. He shook like one stricken with the ague. Suddenly he rolled over on his side and closed his eyes.

Dick with a cry sprang forward and shook him violently.

"You have led us into a death trap!" he exclaimed. "You have brought us here that we may perish."

"May I die if I have, senors," was the response. "The jewels of Montezuma are beyond that wall."

"Let them lie there for the present. We will find them some other time."

"Yes," exclaimed Bernard, "let us get out of this trap before it is too late."

They turned back. A cry from Menendez went through them like a poisoned arrow.

"Look!" and Dick pointed at the writhing old man on the floor. "He is dying, Bernard."

They rushed forward and Dick lifted the old Mexican's head.

"It is all over," he said, with a glance at his companion. "Now for the escape!"

They rushed down the forbidding tunnel which they had lately traveled, and fear lent speed to their feet. The cold walls seemed to ooze with slime. They reached the mouth of the passage, they saw the star-studded sky, and not far away a bright light leaped up, for the Mexicans had fired some buildings. Into the growing light the boys leaped, to halt suddenly and recoil. A mob of half a dozen Mexicans dashed straight at them, and the boys fired into the ferocious faces.

Montezuma's treasure seemed still far away.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUDITH IS MISSING.

The outcome of the sudden attack might have been disastrous to the cousins if a squadron of American dragoons had not arrived. The guerrilleros were taken by surprise and beat a hasty retreat, but not before several of their number had bit the dust. Dick and Bernard were thus released from danger and followed the dragoons to a place of safety, from which they resolved to return to Judith's house.

"What means this?" exclaimed Dick, as he entered the place and discovered everything in a state of confusion.

It was evident that the enemy had been there, and a little later, to their horror, they found Juan, the blind peon, dead in one of the upper rooms. Judith was not to be seen. Signs of a struggle were everywhere, and the Mexicans had spared but little in the house.

On the wall at the foot of the staircase Bernard paused and stared at some writing. It looked like a scrawl at first, but the boy's sharp eyes made out several words that startled him.

"Colonel Machete has been here!" he cried, as his face lost color.

"Impossible," was the reply. "We hold the city, and such a prominent person as Colonel Machete would hardly venture back."

"But look, Dick. Judith must have written this," and Bernard's finger touched the writing.

Dick leaned forward and read in hushed silence:

"Captured by Colonel Machete. Judith."

For a moment Dick and his companion looked at each other unable to utter a single word.

"The villain must have ventured back," Dick ejaculated, at last. "He must have come disguised. Old Juan no doubt attempted to keep her out of the villain's hands and forfeited his life. What shall we do?"

It seemed useless to look for Colonel Machete and his captive, for both were no doubt far from the city which was now being patrolled by the victorious Americans. The blow almost staggered the boys.

They upbraided themselves for venturing from the house and thus giving the Mexican lancer a chance to carry out his plans. From what Judith had intimated, the lancer had long had his eyes upon her, and, now that he had succeeded, they were fearful that they would never again see their beautiful deliverer.

They quitted the house and went down upon the street. Thoughts of Montezuma's treasure no longer filled their brains. They had real work to do. Day was fast breaking and the soldiers were readily seen. They suddenly caught sight of General Worth, who was pointing out to Scott some interesting points

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in the captured city. Worth observed them.

"These are my young spies, General," he said to Scott, when Dick and Bernard had been presented. "They did the best they could, but they were unable to send me information before the assault on Chapultepec."

"I honor you just the same," answered General Scott, addressing the youths. "You are looking glum, I fear. Are you angry because you had no part in the late battle?"

"We are sorry we could not go up the hill," smiled Dick, as he saluted in response to Scott's words. "But just now another thing distresses us. Our fair friend Judith Castro fell into the hands of Colonel Machete last night."

"In the city?" exclaimed Scott.

"At her own home."

"Is it possible," said the American commander, turning to General Worth, "that this Mexican rascal is operating within the city?"

"These young gentlemen seem to think he is."

"What proof have you?" General Scott asked the boys.

Dick answered in a few words, detailing their return to Judith's house, and General Scott listened with profound attention.

"He may be hiding within the city," he said to Worth. "I cannot think that he can have broken through our cordon of guards. See to this, General. Take all the men you need and unearth this woman stealer. I will make an example of him if caught."

"May we accompany you, General Worth?" asked both boys in unison.

"It will give me great pleasure to be aided by two such young heroes," General Worth answered, smiling. "I'll make it hot for this lancer colonel. Come, young sirs," and he rode away, followed by Dick and Bernard.

"This ancient city is honeycombed with secret places," he said to the young soldiers. "I never saw anything like it. It is said that somewhere lies buried the wealth of Montezuma, and, having heard this story, my men are foolishly looking for it."

The boys exchanged looks and smiled.

"Colonel Machete first, the treasure afterward," continued General Worth, and ten minutes later he was giving orders to some of his men to search everywhere for the lancer colonel and his fair captive.

It looked a great deal like searching for a needle in a haystack, and the day wore away without success.

The boys returned to their quarters discouraged, but when night once more threw her pall over the city of the Montezumas, they stole out and sought the entrance to the palace ruins, whither old Menendez had conducted them. To their surprise, they discovered that the stone which had closed the tunnel had been replaced, but by whom they knew not. Probably Tecuza had been there and replaced it.

"It's mysterious, anyway," commented Bernard, as he stared at the spot. "Some one came here and found that the opening had been uncovered. If we can remove the stone——"

"What," was the instant interruption, "do you want to trust yourself in the dark place where Menendez died?"

"There's no telling what we might find there now."

After wrestling with the heavy slab for a while, it was pushed to one side and the tunnel revealed.

"Shall we go down?" asked Dick.

"Yes. We might find something beyond the tunnel. You know there is but one door to the room where the old Mexican expired."

"Well, here goes!"

Dick led the advance. His taper dissipated the gloom of the passage, and they advanced until once more they stood within the walls of the stone-walled chamber. The body of Menendez was not to be seen. All at once Dick's light revealed some niches cut into one of the walls, and he turned to Bernard with an exulting cry.

"That means another way out of this place?" said he.

"Or a pathway to more danger."

"I shall investigate," and handing his light to Bernard, Dick set his foot in the lower niche and began to ascend.

"Bernard," he suddenly called to his anxious comrade, when he had reached the top of the wall. "Come up here and look."

It did not take Bernard long to clamber up, and presently he was beside Dick. An opening at the top of the wall enabled him to look down a long corridor at the end of which glimmered a light.

"What is on the other side of the wall?" he breathed lightly.

"An old ladder."

"The place seems to be inhabited," was the answer. "Let us see this answer to the end."

They immediately put out their light, and, finding the ladder, descended till they stood on a stone floor. With ready pistols they crept along the corridor and kept their eyes on the alert.

"Dick, Dick!" suddenly whispered Bernard, as his hand fastened on his comrade's arm. "Look yonder."

"I see," responded Dick. "It is in the light yonder."

They hugged one side of the clammy passageway and held their breath! It was a strange, almost unearthly light which they had perceived, and standing in it was an animal which had not yet seen them.

"Ah," cried Dick, after a long look. "We have entered the den of the Mexican puma."

The name was enough to send a thrill to every part of Bernard's being. He had heard so much of the ferocity of this terrible beast that he almost recoiled and fled to the wall they had just left.

"Not a word, not a movement," whispered Dick. "The puma may not discover us."

He had scarcely ceased ere the beast crouched and began to crawl forward on her belly. How beautiful she was, with her tawny hide almost glistening and her eyeballs flashing like those of an enraged cat. She was so large, too, and all the stories which the boys had heard of the king of Mexico rushed through their minds.

The puma raised her head and sniffed the air. She tossed her head from side to side, and then her tail began to vibrate as though she had made a discovery.

"She has winded us?" ejaculated Bernard.

Dick was silent, but his hand gripped his pistol with more fervor, and not for a moment did he remove his gaze from the animal. A second later the place rang with a roar which almost took the boys off their feet. It seemed to echo everywhere like a knell of doom.

The puma came straight toward them, her grayish body now between them and the mysterious light, and they heard the snapping of her shining teeth. The young heroes retreated to the foot of the old ladder. The puma with a bound sprang forward and landed within a few feet of them.

Dick raised his weapon, but did not press the trigger. The Mexican cat was purring with a familiar sound, and her eyes were watching the invaders of the underground retreat.

"Quick! the ladder, Dick!" cried Bernard.

At that moment a human voice fell upon their ears. "Inez! Inez! Where are you?" it said.

The huge beast answered with a little cry, whilst in the dim light which pervaded the spot the boys looked at each other.

"It is old Tecuza's voice!" said Dick, and then all was still.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT BECAME OF JUDITH.

If Dick and Bernard could have witnessed the affair which resulted in the capture of Judith, they would have been thrilled as never before and would have had a higher opinion than ever of the girl's heroic nature.

Judith was alone in her room a short time before the boys' return. She had discovered their absence and was greatly perplexed over it. Her faithful blind servant, Juan, was in another part of the house with which he was familiar despite his blindness. The girl was at a window overlooking a portion of the city and rejoicing over the success of the American army.

All at once a footstep sounded on the stair and thinking that Juan was about to enter, she did not turn, for at that moment a platoon of General Worth's forces had come into view. The door opened and closed, and when she turned she stood face to face with Colonel Machete of the Mexican lancers. The shock showed in her pallid cheeks.

"You?" cried Judith, as her face resumed for a moment its natural flush. "I thought——"

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"That I had fled before the hated Americanos?" interrupted the lancer. "I could not quit the city when so much beauty remains."

She replied to his compliment with a haughty look. Her eyes emitted a flash.

"The Americans are in full possession," said she. "If you do not wish to fall into their hands there is yet time for flight."

Colonel Machete advanced toward the beautiful girl. Perceiving a look in his eye which boded her no good, she retreated with a gesture of resentment.

"I have come for you, Judith," he exclaimed. "I cannot quit the city without you."

"But I shall not leave the house. I am domiciled here and am not afraid to remain with the Americans."

"Then you are not for the republic?"

"I am for peace," answered Judith.

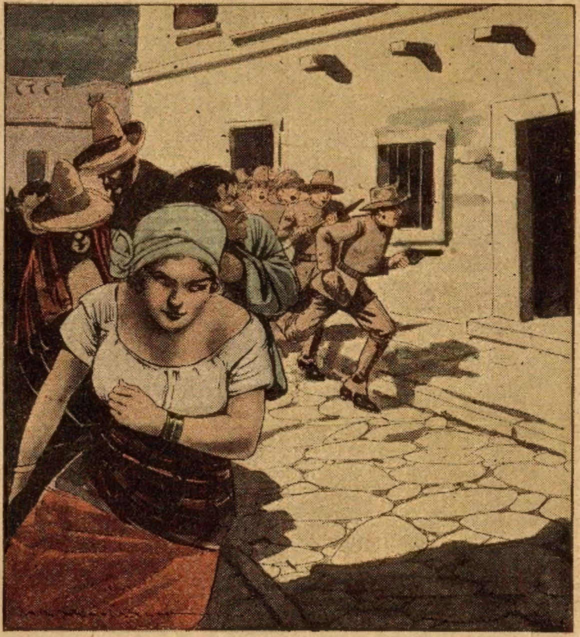
"For peace with the enemies of Mexico?" sneered the lancer. "Is this your Spanish blood?"

"It is my mother's spirit," cried Judith. "You must remember, Colonel Machete, that she was an American."

"And the enemy of the eagle republic," was the quick response. "You must be tamed, my little one."

There was no longer any doubt of the officer's intentions, for Judith was aware that on a former occasion he had addressed her in words of love, words which she had haughtily repelled.

"It is needless for us to discuss a subject of this kind," said she. "If you will look down into the street you will see the men whom you could not successfully resist."



The next moment they rushed the door.

She gestured toward the window as she spoke.

"It is useless," exclaimed the lancer colonel. "One of these days those men will fly like chaff before the squadrons of Mexico."

A derisive laugh brightened the girl's face.

"They have never fled yet," she cried. "Remember Buena Vista, Churubusco, Contreras and Chapultepec. Those are not Mexican victories. You outnumbered the Americans in those battles, yet they routed your boasted braves and are now in the city of the Montezumas."

Her tones were keen and cutting and brought a deep flush of anger to the Mexican's cheeks.

"You are a little traitress," he almost hissed. "You have sold your country to the invaders!"

"And you, with all your boasted courage, have fled like a coward before the Americans!"

How Judith hated this lancer. He was as merciless as a serpent, and wherever he went he blazed a trail of cruelty, for on more than one occasion his sword had dispatched wounded soldiers.

"A truce to all this!" he cried, throwing out his arm. "I have come for you, my beauty, and you shall go with me."

Some one was coming up the stair. Judith listened.

"It is one of my men," said Colonel Machete.

The door opened and Juan, the blind, came in. Judith hailed him with a cry.

"Who is here?" asked Juan. "I certainly heard a man's voice and it seemed to me——"

"You heard my voice," broke in the lancer. "Go back!"

"I recognize that voice," said old Juan. "I have heard it before."

"If you interfere you may never hear it again."

Juan's instincts were marvelous. He knew where Colonel Machete stood, and he knew also that his mistress hated him with all her impassioned nature.

"What does the Mexican butcher do here?" he exclaimed. "Why is he not with the fleeing army?"

Colonel Machete uttered an epithet and drew his sword.

"I'll give you a grave on Mexican soil, dog!" he roared. "I am Machete of Chihuahua."

"And the greatest villain that ever couched a lance," replied Juan.

This was enough. The lancer colonel bounded across the room and before Judith could interfere he had buried his blade in Juan's bosom.

"Coward!" cried Judith, as she faced him as white as the lilies of the Mexican lakes. "You are a born coward, Colonel Machete."

"The blind dog is yonder," he laughed in response. "Now, my beauty, for a night ride."

Judith backed against the wall and looked him calmly in the eye.

"You dare not!" she flashed.

"I dare anything."

He came toward her again with the look of a veritable monster in his deep-set orbs.

"What a lovely mistress you will make for Machete's household when we have driven the American rabble from the sacred soil of Mexico. I will load you with gems, for I have unearthed the secret treasure of Montezuma."

The young girl started at these words. Was it true that this man had discovered the long buried secret which had cost the lives of hundreds? Who had led him to the treasure house of the Aztec emperor? Tecuza?"

"Begone!" cried Judith, pointing toward the door. "This is my house, and I have the right to say who shall be my guest."

"But I am guest whether you wish it or no," ejaculated the lancer colonel.

Judith threw a quick glance toward the open window. Another squadron of American dragoons was passing beneath the casement. The lancer seemed to read her look.

"Come," he cried, and the next moment he had seized her wrists and was bearing her toward the staircase.

She drew back the full length of the human tether and regarded him with a contemptuous smile.

"Unhand me! Your very touch is poison."

He answered with a laugh, and Judith was forced over the body of her faithful servant and looked down the stair. At its foot stood three lancers, who looked up as their leader appeared with his captive.

"The troops have passed the house," said Machete, glancing into her white face. "There is no fear of them."

"You dare not cross swords with the brave men of the United States," cried the girl.

"Not now, at least. I have other work on hand."

Judith was carried to the lower floor and a shawl was thrown over her head. In a moment she knew she was on the

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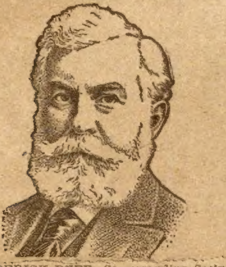

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back of a horse, which was galloping from the scene. She could scarcely breathe, for the contact of the shawl was stifling, and before long she was lifted from the horse and carried away.

Moments seemed hours to Judith Castro. She was not relieved of the suffocating mask until she was set upon the ground and she heard departing footsteps. When she put up her hands the shawl fell from her face and she looked around. For a moment she was blinded by the light which seemed to burn its way into her eyes. What strange place was this? She found herself in a room with a lofty ceiling and odd-looking walls. It was not a place to give her wonder on account of any barrenness. On the contrary, it was richly furnished, but the appointments suggested an age which had long since passed away.

Everything suggested the times of the Montezumas, those great personages who ruled Mexico when the cruel Spaniards came with their lust for gold and conquest. On the walls were the insignia of the Aztec rulers; there were idols of Chacmol, the war-god, statues of the tiger kings, gorgeous hangings which were embroidered with gold and great vases of the same material.

Judith's gaze wandered around the chamber. Her wonder increased with every breath. She had heard of such things, but she had deemed them legends, and now she was undeceived.

She was the captive of Colonel Machete, the lancer hero, but was this his abode? Impossible. The air about her was filled with a strange and subtle perfume. The lights that burned stood on a brazen altar. And beneath them was coiled the serpent-god of the Aztecs.

The girl looked till her brain seemed to swim. Suddenly she threw up her hands with a cry. The truth suddenly burst upon her.

She was in the treasure house of Montezuma!

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Captain Admitted It.

The skipper was a man who had a good opinion of himself and his notions. He had pulled through shipwreck, mutiny, and other perils of the deep, but he came a cropper once. For one of his voyages he had shipped a boatswain's mate who bore something of a reputation.

One day the skipper ordered him aloft to examine a sail on the royal yard.

"'Tain't safe, Cap'n!" protested the boatswain's mate; "the foot ropes has got to be fixed first."

"Do as I tell you!" thundered the captain. "The foot ropes are all right. I know they are."

The man went up. Five minutes later he came tumbling down through the rigging from the top of the mast, a distance of over one hundred feet.

With a bang he landed on the belly of the mainsail and bounded into one of the canvas-covered boats. The sailors, thinking him dead, crowded about him in a circle. To their amazement he sat up.

His eyes wandered vacantly about until they rested on the leathery face of the skipper, when they lighted up with intelligence.

"Cap'n," he said, slowly, "you was mistaken about them foot ropes."

* * *

Great Vacation for William.

In the garden, over the Sunday paper and a pitcher of iced tea, they were holding a vacation argument.

"Yes," he said, "Doc Sawyer tells me a separate vacation is the best thing for married folk."

"Humph!"

"Well, look at the matter calmly. Here we are, married nearly twenty years, and always together. Think what a change it would be for both of us to get away alone—to see nothing but new scenes, nothing but new faces."

"Humph!"

"A change, a thorough change, that is what we require, Doc Sawyer says."

"William, look here. I consent. I consent provided you make this change really thorough by letting me go off on my vacation by myself and you take with you on yours the six children that I haven't had out of my sight for ten years."

But this time it was William who said "Humph!"

* * *

A Girl's Idea of Business.

A certain young woman, although she is a trained stenographer, typewriter and bookkeeper, had very bad luck last fall in trying to obtain a position at even a fair salary. Though there was no joke in the continued disappointments, she found a funny side to one experience. The manager of a place whose advertisement she answered told that the salary paid at first would be $8 a week; that by the end of the year it would be increased to $9; while by the third year she would receive the magnificent sum of $10. Mechanically, she agreed to let him know, and went out. Apparently she had made a good impression, for when a couple of days had gone by she received a note asking whether she wanted the position or not. She sat down and wrote:

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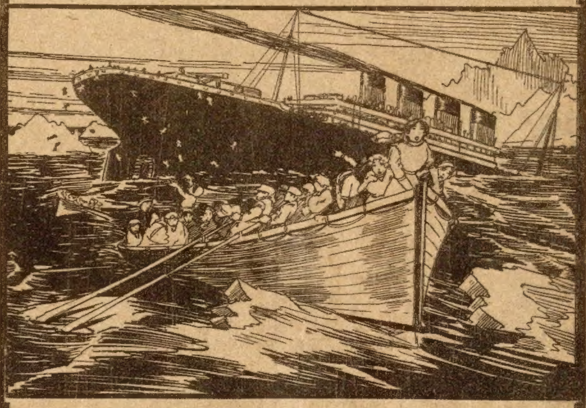

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I punctured myself yisterday upon a rusty nail!
You should have seen my mother then! Gee! Didn't she turn pale!
An' how she grabbed me up an' run an' got the turkentine,
An' how she held me in her lap an' squoze that foot o' mine
An' poured the turkentine on it, an' how she telephoned
The doctor to come awful quick! She squeezed me up an' moaned!
I can't see why she acted so, because it didn't hurt—
'Twas just a little bit o' hole 'most covered up with dirt;
But she got some hot water an' some casteel soap an' she
Kep' workin' over that there foot as scared as she could be!

Well, then the doctor came an' put his tool chest on the floor
An' set me in a straight back chair here by the open door,
So he could see, an' held my foot up there, right in the sun,
An' squoze an' looked at it while ma told him what she had done.
Then he got out his instruments, an' when I seen them I
Begun to git a litte scared an' started in to cry;
But he said: "It ain't gonna hurt," an' mother stroked my head,
But I was scared away beyond believin' what he said;
Still when he'd squirted stuff in it out of a rubber ball,
He fixed it with a bandage and it didn't hurt at all!

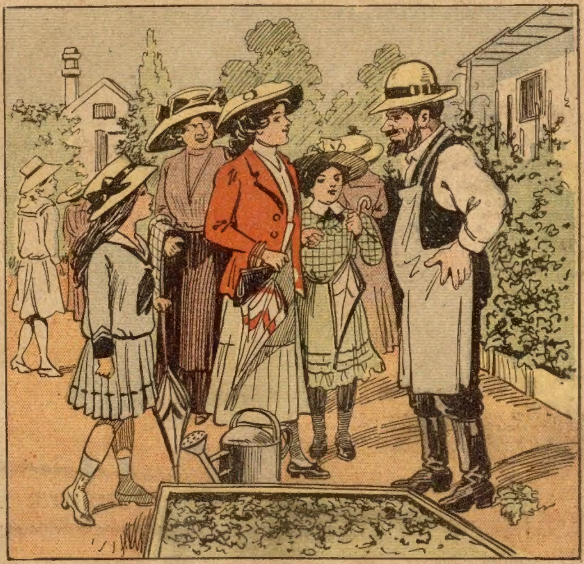
An' I've had bread an' jam an' cake an' lemonade an' pie
An' doughnuts an' some picture books an' a milk shake, an' I
Have sat here happy as you please, my foot up on a chair,
An' that there girl that lives next door— the one with yellow hair—
Came in an' stayed the longest time, an' Sophonisba came
An' brung an apple an' a pear an' got her checker game,
An' we had loads o' fun! I hope I won't git well too soon—
An' mother got me some ice cream an' fed me with a spoon,
An' dad got me a ketcher's mitt an' ketcher's mask an' bat—
When I git well—I wonder where that rusty nail was at?

■

A wife should act like one possessed.

After Working Hours.

A man was putting a tin roof on a barn in Wayne County, Ohio, with some other men. The rain stopped their work and kept them from going home in the evening, and they settled down to pass the night in the barn under a portion of the roof that was completed. In the night the sleepers were awakened by a noise of pounding on the tin above them. They thought at first that a ghost was at work in the rain, but when they all woke up and counted themselves and found that one of them, the man we are talking about especially, was missing they decided that the ghost was alive. They called and shouted, but the pounding continued. Then it stopped and they heard and saw their fellow workman climb down the ladder from the roof and go to where the sheets of tin were piled. He had a hammer in his hand and it slipped from his grasp and struck his foot. Then he woke up. He had been walking in his sleep, as the other workmen explained to him, and in the morning it was found that he had nailed three rows of tin on the roof as well as he could have done it awake and in the daytime.



City Girl—Your cucumber vines are very interesting. But how do you tell when the cucumbers get sour?

Old Posers.

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

This is simple, but many a wise one has been caught napping and answers at once fifteen pounds, though a little thought will bring twenty pounds, the correct answer.

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco; the journey lasts seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?

It looks as if the traveler must meet seven trains and that is the answer that nine out of ten will give if the question is new to them.

The fact is overlooked that every day of the journey a fresh train is started from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with; the traveler will, therefore, meet fourteen instead of seven.

■

Wise Margery.

Said Margery May on a windy day:
"If I stand quite still I might blow away."
So she ran like a kite to the left and right;
And the last I saw she was out of sight!

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